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FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1913 SEVENTY-EIGHTH YEAR, No. 27

Philip Steele

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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CHAPTER XIV.

What Came of the Great Love Experiment.

For an hour after he had gone to ed Philip lay awake thinking of the doctor's story. He dreamed of it when e fell asleep. In a way for which he ould not account, the story had a peculiar effect upon him, and developed in him a desire to know the end. He awoke in the morning anxious to esume the subject with McGill, but he doctor disappointed him. During he whole of the day he made no direct reference to his mission in the north, and when Philip once or twice brought him back to the matter he evaded any discussion of it, giving him to understand, without saying so, that the matter was a closed incident between them, only to be reopened when he was able to give some help in the search. The doctor talked freely of his home, of the beauty and the goodness of his wife, and of a third member whom they expected in their little family circle in the spring. They discussed home topics—politics, clubs and sport. The doctor disliked society, though for professional reasons he was compelled to play a small part in it, and in this dislike the two men found themselves on common ground. They became more and more confidential in all ways but one. They passed hours in playing cribbage with a worn pack of Pierre's cards, and the third night sang old college songs which both had nearly forgotten. It was on this evening that they planned to remain one more day in Pierre's cabin and then leave for Fort Smith.

"You have hope—there," said Philip in a casual way, as they were undressing.

"Little hope, but the search will begin from there," replied the doctor. "I have more hope at Chippewayan, where we struck a clew. I sent back my Indian to follow it up."

They went to bed. How long he had slept Philip had no idea, when he was awakened by a slight noise. In a subconscious sort of way, with his eyes still closed, he law without moving and listened. The sound came again, like the soft, cautious tread of feet near him. Still without moving he opened his eyes. The oil lamp which he had put out on retiring was burning low. In its dim light stood the doctor, half dressed, in a tense attitude of listening.

"What's the matter?" asked Philip.

The professor started, and turned toward the stove.

"Nervousness, I guess," he said gloomily. "I was afraid I would awaken you. I've been up three times during the last hour—listening for a voice."

"A voice?"

"Yes, back there in the bunk I could have sworn that I heard it calling somewhere out in the night. But when I get up I can't hear it. I've stood at the door until I'm frozen."

"It's the wind," said Philip. "It has troubled me many times out on the snow plains. I've heard it wail like children crying among the dunes, and again like women screaming, and men shouting. You'd better go to bed."

"Listen!"

The doctor stiffened, his white face turned to the door.

"Good heavens, was that the wind?" he asked after a moment.

Philip had rolled from his bunk and was pulling on his clothes.

"Dress and we'll find out," he advised.

Together they went to the door opened it, and stepped outside. The sky was thick and heavy, with only a white blurr where the moon was smothered. Fifty yards away the gray gloom became opaque. Over the thousand miles of drift to the north there came a faint whistling wind, rising at times in fitful sweeps of flinty snow, and at intervals dying away until it became only a lulling sound. In one of these intervals both men held their breath. From somewhere out of the night, and yet from nowhere that they could point, there came a human voice.

"Pier-r-r-e Thoreou — Pier-r-r-e Thoreau—Ho, Piere Thoreau-u-u!"

"Off there!" shivered the doctor.

"No—out there!" said Philip.

He raised his own voice in an answering shout, and in response there come again the cry for pierre Thoreau.

"I'm right!" cried the doctor. "Come!"

He darted away, his greatcoat making a dark blur in the night ahead of Philip, who paused again to shout through the megaphone of his hands. There came no reply. A second and a third time he shouted, and still there was no response.

"Queer," he thought. "What the devil can it mean?"

The doctor had disappeared, and he followed in the direction he had gone. A hundred yards more and he saw the dark blur again, close to the ground. The doctor was bending over a human form stretched out in the snow.

"Just in time," he said to Philip as he came up. Excitement had gone from his voice now. It was cool and professional, and he spoke in a commanding way to his companion. "You're heavier than I, so take him by the shoulders and hold his head well up. I don't believe it's the cold, for his body is warm and comfortable. I feel something wet and thick on his shirt, and it may be blood. So hold his head well up."

Between them they carried him back to the cabin, and with the quick alertness of a man accustomed to every emergency of his profession the doctor stripped off his two coats while Philip looked at the face of the man whom they had placed in his bunk. His own experience had acquainted him with violence and blood shed, but in spite of that he shuddered slightly as he gazed on the unconscious form. It was that of a young man of splendid physique, with a closely shaven face, short blond hair, and a magnificent pair of shoulders. Beyond the fact that he knew the face wore no beard he could scarce have told if it were white or black. From chin to hair it was covered with stiffened blood.

The doctor came to his side.

"Looks bad, doesn't he?" he said cheerfully. "Thought it wasn't the cold. Heart beating too fast, pulse too active. Ah—hot water if you please, Philip!"

He loosened the man's coat and shirt, and a few minutes later, when Philip brought a towel and a basin of water, he rose from his examination.

"Just in time—as I said before," he exclaimed with satisfaction. "You'd never have heard another 'Pierre Thoreau' out of him, Philip," he went on, speaking the young man's name as if he had been accustomed to doing it for a long time. "Wound on the head—skull sound—loss of blood from over-exertion. We'll have him drinking coffee within an hour if you'll make some.

The doctor rolled up his shirt sleeves and began to wash away the blood.

"A good looking chap," he said over his shoulder. "Face clean cut, fine mouth, a frontal bone that must have brain behind it, square chin—" He broke off to ask: "What do you suppose happened to him?"

"Haven't got the slightest idea," said Philip, putting the coffee pot on the stove. "A blow, isn't it?"

Philip was turning up the wick of the lamp when a sudden startled cry came from the bed side. Something in

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CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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THOUGH I had previously made a trip into the then Territory of Dakota, beyond the Red River, it was not until 1883 that I went to the Little Missouri, and there took hold of two cattle ranches, the Chimney Butte and the Elkhorn.

Old Days in the Far West.

It was still the Wild West in those days, the Far West, the West of Owen Wister's stories and Frederic Remington's drawings, the west of the Indian and the buffalo-hunter, the soldier and the cow-puncher. That land of the West has gone now, "gone, gone with lost Atlantis," gone to the isle of ghosts and of strange dead memories. It was a land of vast silent spaces, of lonely rivers, and of plains where the wild game stared at the passing horseman. It was a land of scattered ranches, of herds of long-horned cattle, and of reckless riders who unmoved looked in the eyes of life or of death. In that land we led a free and hardy life, with horse and with rifle. We worked under the scorching midsummer sun, when the wide plains shimmered and wavered in the heat; and we knew the freezing misery of riding night guard round the cattle in the late fall round-up. In the soft springtime the stars were glorious in our eyes each night before we fell asleep; and in the winter we rode through blinding blizzards, when the driven snow-dust burnt our faces. There were monotonous days, as we guided the trail cattle or the beef herds, hour after hour, at the slowest of walks; and minutes or hours teeming with excitement as we stopped stampedes or swam the herds across rivers treacherous with quicksands or brimmed with running ice. We knew toil and hardship and hunger and thirst; and we saw men die violent deaths as they worked among the horses and cattle or fought in evil feuds with one another; but we felt the beat of hardy life in our veins, and ours was the glory of work and the joy of living.

It was right and necessary that this life should pass, for the safety of our country lies in its being made the country of the small home-maker. The great unfenced ranches, in the days of "free grass," necessarily represented a temporary stage in our history. The large migratory flocks of sheep, each guarded by the hired shepherds of absentee owners, were the first enemies of the cattlemen; and owing to the way they ate out the grass and destroyed all vegetation, these roving sheep bands represented little permanent good to the country. But the homesteaders, the permanent settlers, the men who took up each his own farm on which he lived and brought up his family, these represented from the National standpoint the most desirable of all possible users of, and dwellers on, the soil. Their advent meant the breaking up of the big ranches; and the change was a National gain, although to some of us an individual loss.

Bobcats and Old Sledge.

I first reached the Little Missouri on a Northern Pacific train about three in the morning of a cool September day in 1883. Aside from the station, the only building was a ramshackle structure called the Pyramid Park Hotel. I dragged my duffle-bag thither, and hammered at the door until the frowsy proprietor appeared, muttering oaths. He ushered me upstairs, where I was given on of the fourteen beds in the room which by itself constituted the entire upper floor. Next day I walked over to the abandoned army post, and, after some hours among the gray log shacks, a ranchman who had driven into the station agreed to take me out to his ranch, the Chimney Butte ranch, where he was living with his brother and their partner.

The ranch was a log structure with a dirt roof, a corral for the horses near by and a chicken-house jabbed against the rear of the ranch house. Inside there was only one room, with a table, three or four chairs, a cooking stove and three bunks. The owners were Sylvane and Joe Ferris and William J. Merrifield. Later all three of them hold my commission while I was president. Merrifield was marshal of Montana, and as presidential elector cast the vote of that state for me in 1904; Slyvane Ferrie was land officer in North Dakota, and Joe Ferris postmaster at Medora. There was a fourth man, George Meyer, who also worked for me later. That evening we all played old sledge round the table, and at one period the game was interrupted by a frightful squawking outside which told us that a bobcat had made a raid on the chicken house.

After a buffalo hunt with my original friend, Joe Ferris, I entered into partnership with Merrifield and Slyvane Ferris, and we started a cow ranch, with the maltese cross brand—always known as "maltee cross," by the way, as the general impression along the Little Missouri was that "maltese" must be a plural. Twenty-nine years later my four friends of that night were delegates to the First Progressive National Convention at Chicago. They were among my most constant companions for the few years next succeeding the evening when the bobcat interrupted the game of old sledge. I lived and worked with them on the ranch, and with them and many others like them on the round-up; and I brought out from Maine, in order to start the Elkhorn ranch lower down the river, my two backwoods friends Sewall and Dow. My brands for the lower ranch were the elkhorn and triangle.

I do not believe there ever was any life more attractive to a vigorous young fellow than life on a cattle ranch in those days. It was a fine, healthy life, too; it taught a man self-reliance, hardihood, and the value of instant decision—in short, the virtues that ought to come from life in the open country. I enjoyed the life to the full. After the first year I built on the Elkhorn ranch a long, low ranch house of hewn logs, with a veranda, and with, in addition to the other rooms, a bedroom for myself, and a sitting room with a big fireplace. I got out a rocking chair—I am very fond of rocking chairs—and enough books to fill two or three shelves, and a rubber bath tub so that I could get a bath. And then I do not see how anyone could have lived more comfortably. We had buffalo robes and bearskins of our own killing. We always kept the house clean—using the word in a rather large sense. There were at least two rooms that were always warm, even in the bitterest weather! and we had plenty to eat. Commonly the mainstay of every meal was game of our own killing, usually antelope or deer, sometimes grouse or ducks, and occasionally, in the earlier days, buffalo or elk. We also had flour and bacon, sugar, salt, and canned tomatoes. And later, when some of the men married and brought out their wives, we had all kinds of good things, such as jame and jellies made from wild plums and the buffalo berries, and potatoes from the forlorn little garden patch. Moreover, we had milk. Most ranchmen at that time never had milk. I knew more than one ranch with 10,000 head of cattle where there was not a cow that could be milked. We made up our minds that we would be more enterprising. Accordingly, we started to domesticate some of the cows. Our first effort was not successful, chiefly because we did not devote the needed time and patience to the matter. And we found that to race a cow two miles at full speed on horseback, then rope her, throw her, and turn her upside down to milk her, while exhilarating as a pastime, was not productive of results. Gradually we accumulated tame cows, and, after we had thinned out the bobcats and coyotes, more chickens.

On the Little Missouri.

The ranch house stood on the brink of a low bluff overlooking the broad, shallow bed of the Little Missouri, through which at most seasons there ran only a trickle of water, while in times of freshet it was filled brimful with the boiling, foaming, muddy torrent. There was no neighbor for 10 or 15 miles on either side of me. The river twisted down in long curves between narrow bottoms bordered by sheer cliff walls, for the Bad Lands, a chaos of peaks, plateaus, and ridges, rose abruptly from the edges of the level tree-clad, or grassy, alluvial meadows. In front of the ranch house veranda was a row of cottonwood trees with gray-green leaves which quivedel all day long if there was a breath of air. From these trees came the far-away, melancholy cooing of mourning doves, and little owls perched in them and called tremulously at night. In the long summer afternoons we would sometimes sit on the piazza, when there was no work to be done, for an hour or two at a time, watching the cattle on the sand-bars, and the sharply channeled and strangely curved amphitheatre of cliffs across the bottom opposite, while the vultures wheeled overhead, thei black shadows gliding across the glaring white of the dry river bed. Sometimes from the ranch we saw deer, and once when we needed meat I shot one across the river as I stood on the piazza. In the winter, in the days of iron cold, when everything was white under the snow, the river lay in its bed fixed and immovable as a bar of bent steel, and then at night wolves and lynxes traveled up and down it as if it had been a highway passing in front of the ranch house. Often in the late fall or early winter after a hard day's hunting, or when returning from one of the winter line camps, we did not reach the ranch until hours after sunset; and after the weary tramping in the cold it was keen pleasure to catch the first red gleam of the fire-lit windows across the snowy wastes.

"Beavering."

The Elkhorn ranch house was built mainly by Sewall and Dow, who, like most men from the Maine woods, were mighty with the ax. I could chop fairly well, for an amateur, but I could not do one-third the work they could. One day when we were cutting down the cottonwood trees, to begin our building operations, I heard some one ask Dow what the total cut had been, and Dow, not realizing that I was within hearing, answered: "Well, Bill cut down 53, I cut 49, and the boss he beavered down 17." Those who have seen the stump of a tree which has been gnawed down by a beaver will understand the exact force of the comparison.

In those days on a cow ranch the men were apt to be away on the various roundups at least half the time. It was interesting and exciting work, and except for the lack of sleep on the spring and summer roundups it was not exhausting work; compared to lumbering or mining or blacksmithing, to sit in the saddle is an easy form of labor. The ponies were of course grass fed and unshod. Each man had his own string of nine or ten. One pony would be used for the morning work, one for the afternoon, and neither would again be used for the next three days. A separate pony was kept for night riding.

The Round-Up.

The spring and early summer roundups were especially for the branding of calves. There was much hard work and some risk on a round-up, but also much fun. The meeting place was appointed weeks beforehand, and all the ranchmen of the territory to be covered by the round-up sent their representatives. There were no fences in the west that I knew and their place was taken by the cowboy and the branding-iron. The cattle wandered free. Each calf was branded with the brand of the cow it was following. Sometimes in winter there was what we called line riding; that is, camps were established and the line riders traveled a definite beat across the desolate wastes of snow, to and fro from one camp to another, to prevent the cattle from drifting. But as a rule nothing was done to keep the cattle in any one place. In the spring there was a general round-up in each locality. Each outfit took part in its own round-up, and all the outfits of a given region combined to send representatives to the two or three round-ups that covered the neighborhoods near by into which their cattle might drift. For example, our Little Missouri round-up generally worked down the river from a distance of some 50 or 60 miles above my ranch towards the Kildeer mountains, about the same distance below. In addition we would usually send representatives to the Yellowstone round-up, and to the round-up along the upper Little Missouri; and, moreover, if we heard that cattle had drifted, perhaps toward the Indian reservation southeast of us, we would send a wagon and rider after them.

The Cow-Punchers.

At the meeting place, which might be in the valley of a half-dry stream, or in some broad bottom of the river itself, or perchance by a couple of ponds under some queerly shaped butte that was a landmark for the region round about, we would all gather on the appointed day. The chuck wagons, containing the bedding and food, each drawn by four horses and driven by the teamster cook, would come jolting and rattling over the uneven sward. Accompanying each wagon were eight or ten riders, the cow punchers, while their horses, a band of 100 or so, were driven by the two herders, one of whom was known as the day wrangler and one as the night wrangler. The men were lean, sinewy fellows, accustomed to riding half-broken horses at any speed over any country by day or by night. They wore flannel shirts with loose handkerchiefs knotted round their necks, broad hats, high-heeled boots with jingling spurs, and sometimes leather chaps, although often they merely had their trousers tucked into the tops of their high boots. There was a good deal of rough horse-play, and, as with any other gathering of men or boys of high animal spirits, the horse-play sometimes became very rough indeed; and as the men usually carried revolvers, and as there were occasionally one or two noted gun-fighters among them, there was now and then a shooting affray. A man who was a coward or who shirked his work had a bad time, of course; a man could not afford to let himself be bullied or treated as a butt; and, on the other hand, if he was "looking for a fight," he was certain to find it. But my own experience was that if a man did not talk until his associates knew him well and liked him, and if he did his work, he never had any difficulty in getting on. In my own round-up district I speedily grew to be friends with most of the men.

Melody.

Now summer returning
There rises the yearnin-
For youth's tender learning
Of passion's first sigh;
The spring's old, sweet madness,
The spring's old wild gladness
When knowledge and sadness
Were far as the sky.
The first bird that's winging,
Of rapture is singing,
The first bud is bringing
The lure of the green
That swiftly is flying
O'er mountains, and dyeing
Each valley low lying
With verdure's frail sheen.
The sweet breeze that passes
Athwart the pale grasses,
Sings soft of the lasses
Whose beauty was gold.
How strange the same longing
To springtime belonging
Our winter is wronging,
These days we are old!
—Leolyn Louise Everett, in Life.

THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN KETTLE

A Romance of the Sea

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE

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CHAPTER XVII.

Miss Chesterman's Warning.

Captain Kettle, with the professional assistance of the Wangaroo's cook, who was also butcher, was bargaining with some coast Moors over five sheep.

The sheep, with their legs tied, lay in a boat alongside. Kettle stood at the foot of the accommodation ladder and the cook was in the boat that sawed up and down at the foot of it.

The cook ran an expert hand over the animals' loins. "All very thin, sir, except this old ram, and I should say he'll be too tough for the cabin to eat."

"Do for the fo'c'sle?"

"Oh, he'd come sweet enough for them forrard." The cook turned angrily to one of the Moors. "Give over powing me, you heathen. I can see that's the after end of the beast as well as you can. They'e got flat tails, sir, like beavers, and by the feel of them the tails are just bladders of tallow."

The Moor evidently caught his meaning, and nodded vehemently both to the cook and upward to Captain Kettle.

"That's all right, old son," said the cook. "We can eat the sheep's smile, and when I'm let I can dish that up very appetizing, having a Scotch aunt by marriage. But we've got no use for his nasty fat waggle." He made vigorous signs of cutting off the tails and throwing them into the sea.

The Moorish farmer was a picture of amazement and expostulation. He lifted wide his arms to the spruce Captain Kettle, and poured forth a torrent of coast Arabic.

"You're wasting all those athletics," said the mariner. "Cookie's telling the truth for once—they're all liable to have these accidents. No bono, I tell you. Tailo no bono. Tailo make-a conscousou, si. Blackman chop, conscousou. White man conspuez."

Captain Kettle's Arabic at that period of his career was elementary, but his accompanying gestures were vivid enough to supply all needful translation.

"Now, there are five sheep, si? Good, you savvy that. Well, if I take all the flock, savvy? All the five, si? I'll give you, savvy, this gold coin, which is a British half-sovereign. Now, don't all you hayseeds get excited and talk at once. Let the agriculturist with the shaved top-edge of his mustache do the oratory. You. Yes, you. By James, do you heathen hear me? Let that man talk, and you others learn to keep quiet, or I'll step down into that boat and teach you how. Come squire, ten shillings for the flock, or else row away to the next market town. I'm not going to stand here at the front door-step haggling all day long for a joint or two of fresh meat."

The man stopped, and with frantic gesture pointed to the flat tails of the sheep, explaining how wide, how fat, and how truly succulent they were, and signified that the five were worth five gold coins at the very lowest figure.

"The tails, if you choose," said Captain Kettle contemptuously, "you may cut off and take home with you if you like. We're not pagans on this packet to have any hankering after animated tallow candles for our dinner. And take your ugly black paws off my trousers, you."

Captain Kettle's neat pipe-clayed shoe was uplifted and caught the man who was fingering him accurately on the shoulder and sent him rolling over into the bottom of the boat.

It is curious how some things strike the Moor. In nineteen cases out of twenty there would have been a roar of laughter from the others, who would have found the action a rough jest which exactly jumped with their own boorish taste. But here was the twentieth case.

With the quickness of light one of the man's fellows drew a curved dagger from the brass sheath that hung by its red cord from his neck and flew like a wildcat for the little sailor's throat. And with nineteen men out of twenty the sudden blow would have got home.

Captain Kettle was the exception. His apprenticeship to the seas had been thorough, and he was always noted for his quickness. He caught the man's wrist as it descended, ducked beneath it and hove down. The fellow's elbow cracked noisily, the knife fell into the water and the victim shrieked.

"You might want that knife some day," said Captain Kettle, and sent him after it, broken arm and all.

But the other six Moors in the boat, as though it was a signal, pulled weapons and rushed in for vengeance, and one of them beat down the cook with his dagger hilt in passing.

Kettle took the attack lightly enough. He ran up the ladder half a dozen steps backward, lugged a revolver from his pocket and pointed it with steady aim at the first man's stomach. He rushed—and was dropped, shot neatly through the shoulder. Two more followed, and were shot down, and the other three retired hurriedly to their boat and picked up the oars.

"No, you don't," said Kettle, and threatened them with his weapon. "Into the water you get and swim if you can, or drown if you choose, or be eaten by sharks if they'll have you. And if you've killed my cook, who at least can make curry, I'll plug the three of you."

He forced them furiously over the gunwale of the boat at the muzzle of his smoking revolver, and then stooped and made swift examination of his man.

"Ah, lucky for you, cookie's not dead, and I think he'll be round again directly. On deck there, Mr. Forster. Send down a couple of hands and get these sheep run up on deck. They're confiscated as lawful fine and costs for attempted assault and battery."

An anxious face peered over the rail above.

"My God, Skipper," said Sir George, "what's all this shooting?"

"Nothing, sir, to be worried about. I was just trying this gun of mine to see how high up it threw when it fired. I've come to the conclusion that it takes a deal more practice than I've been able to put in at present to make a really neat revolver shot. I wonder if your Mr. Bergash could tell me whether the parties I dotted, and who I see are all managing to swim ashore, are some of his fellow Berbers, or whether he'd prefer to call them Moors."

Captain Kettle ran nimbly up the ladder, and in the gangway came on his owner wiping perspiration from a high forehead with a tremulous handkerchief.

"The treacherous devils," said Sir George. "But I never saw a neater fight."

"Thank you, sir," said Captain Kettle touching his cap. "But in view of what's happened I want to press upon you my idea that it would be as well if we get across to the old Towers, and took possession of her without further palaver. I daresay Mr. Bergash may mean well; as you say so, I won't dispute it; but if we are in for a fight over at the other side of the lagoon there, I'd like to get it over before they have time to get ready any more surprise packets for us."

"Ye-es," Sir George agreed. "Just let's go into the chart house a minute."

When they were there out of earshot of the crew and the door shut—"You know," said the older man, "what we carry as cargo?"

"I suppose you mean those Winchester repeaters and cases of ammunition?"

"Yes. Well, I've sold the lot. The rifles ran me to four-pound-ten a piece, and I'm getting ten ounces of gold for every one, which is somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty-eight pounds per gun. The cartridges are to be paid for at the rate of two ounces a hundred, and they cost me fifteen shillings."

Captain Kettle took pad and made rapid calculation. "That's a bit over fifteen thousand pounds. I give you my best congratulations, sir. That brings you out with a big profit on the venture already. And now I want, if you please, as captain, to give you a mouthful of advice. When we get that money on board, I want you to let me steam back to Grand Canary and bank it. At the same time I can leave you and the ladies ashore and come back here and finish the job."

"You still think you'd be able to get the Norman Towers out even if the people ashore who objected were reinforced by two hundred up-to-date Winchester rifles?"

"Oh, I don't deny that it will make things a bit tougher, sir. But I've said I can do it, and that seems to me the end of the matter. At the same time, I don't mind owning to you that with the ladies off the ship, and safe elsewhere, I shall lose my present nervousness."

Sir George chuckled. "You've only heard half the deal, and when I tell you the rest I believe that even you will be convinced that Bergash intends to play fair. It's he, of course, who is buying the cargo. He is going to pay now, as soon as he can send for the gold—which apparently he keeps in his wine-cellar, or is it butter-cooler?—and bring it on board here within a couple of days. But by his own suggestion he doesn't take delivery of the rifles and ammunition till we've got the Norman Towers out

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SQUARING THE CIRCLE

The Story of a Kentucky Feud That Lost Its Way When It Struck New York

By O. HENRY

A T the hazard of wearying you this tale of vehement emotions must be prefaced by a discourse on geometry.

Nature moves in circles; Art in straight lines. The natural is rounded; the artificial is made up of angles. A man lost in the snow wanders, in spite of himself, in perfect circles; the city man's feet, denaturalized by rectangular streets and floors, carry him ever away from himself.

Nature is lost quickest in a big city. The cause is geometrical, not moral. The straight lines of its streets and architecture, the rectangularity of its laws and social customs, the undeviating pavements, the hard, severe, depressing, uncompromising rules of all its ways—even of its recreations and sports—coldly exhibit a sneering defiance of the curved line of Nature.

Wherefore, it may be said that the big city has demonstrated the problem of squaring the circle. And it may be added that this mathematical introduction precedes an account of the fate of a Kentucky feud that was imported to the city that has a habit of making its importations conform to its angles.

The feud began in the Cumberland Mountains between the Folwell and the Harkness families. The first victim of the homespun vendetta was a 'possum dog belonging to Bill Harkness. The Harkness family evened up this dire loss by laying out the chief of the Folwell clan. The Folwell's were prompt at repartee. They oiled up their squirrel rifles and made it feasable for Bill Harkness to follow his dog to a land where the 'possums come down when treed without the stroke of an ax.

The feud flourished for 40 years. Harknesses were shot at the plow, through their lamp-lit cabin windows, coming from camp-meeting, asleep, in duello, sober or otherwise, singly and in family groups, prepared and unprepared. Folwells had the branches of their family tree lopped off in similar ways, as the traditions of their country prescribed and authorized.

By and by the pruning left but a single member of each family. And then Cal Harkness, probably reasoning that further pursuance of the controversy would give a too decided personal flavor to the feud, suddenly disappeared from the relieved Cumberlands, balking the avenging hand of Sam, the ultimate opposing Folwell.

A year afterward Sam Folwell learned that his hereditary, unsuppressed enemy was living in New York City. Sam turned over the big iron washpot in the yard, scraped off some of the soot, which he mixed with lard and shined his boots with the compound. He put on his store clothes of butternut dyed black, a white shirt and collar, and packed a carpetsack with Spartan lingerie. He took his squirrel rifle from its hooks, but put it back again with a sigh. However ethical and plausible the habit might be in the Cumberlands, perhaps New York would not swallow his pose of hunting squirrels among the skyscrapers along Broadway. An ancient but reliable Colt's revolver that he resurrected from a bureau drawer seemed to proclaim itself the pink of weapons and vengeance. This and a hunting knife in a leather sheath Sam packed in the carpetsack. As he started, mule-back, for the lowland railroad station the last Folwell turned in his saddle and looked grimly at the little cluster of white-pine slabs in the clump of cedars that marked the Folwell burying ground.

Sam Folwell arrived in New York in the night. Still moving and living in the free circles of nature, he did not perceive the formidable, pitiless, restless, fierce angles of the great city waiting in the dark to close about the rotundity of his heart and brain and mould him to the form of its millions of reshaped victims. A cabby picked him out of the whirl, as Sam himself had often picked a nut from a bed of wind-tossed autumn leaves, and whisked him away to a hotel commensurate to his boots and carpet-sack.

On the next morning the last of the Folwells made his sortie into the city that sheltered the last Harkness. The Colt was thrust beneath his coat and secured by a narrow leather belt; the hunting-knife hung between his shoulder blades, with the haft an inch below his coat collar. He knew this much—that Cal Harkness drove an express wagon somewhere in that town, and that he, Sam Folwell, had come to kill him. And as he stepped upon the sidewalk the red came into his eye and the feud-hate into his heart.

The clamor of the central avenues drew thitherward. He had half expected to see Cal coming down the street in his shirt sleeves, with a jug and a whip in his hand, just as he would have seen him in Frankfort or Laurel City. But an hour went by and Cal did not appear. Perhaps he was waiting in ambush, to shoot him from a door or a window. Sam kept a sharp eye on doors and windows

About noon the city tired of playing with its mouse and suddenly squeezed him with its straight lines.

Sam Folwell stood where two great rectangular arteries of the city cross. He looked four ways, and saw the world hurled from its orbit and reduced by spirit level and tape to an edged and cornered plane.

Sam leaned against the sharp corner of a stone building. Those faces passed him by thousands and none of them was turned toward him. A sudden foolish fear that he had died and was a spirit, and that they could not see him, seized him. And then the city smote him with loneliness.

A fat man dropped out of the stream and stood a few feet distant, waiting for his car. Sam crept to his side and shouted above the tumult into his ear:

"The Ranginses' hogs weighed more'n ourn a whole passel, but the mast in that neighborhood was a fine chance better than what it was down——"

The fat man moved away unostentatiously and bought roasted chestnuts to cover his alarm.

Sam felt the need of a drop of mountain dew. Across the street men passed in and out of swinging doors. Brief glimpses could be had of a glistening bar and its bedeckings. The feudist crossed and essayed to enter. Again had Art eliminated the familiar circle. Sam's hand found no door knob—it slid, in vain, over a rectangular brass plate and polished oak with nothing even so large as a pin's head upon which his fingers might close.

Abashed, reddened, heartbroken, he walked away from the bootless door and sat upon a step. A locust club tickled him in the ribs.

"Take a walk for yourself," said the policeman. "You've been loafing around here long enough."

At the next corner a shrill whistle sounded in Sam's ear. He wheeled around and saw a black-browed villian scowling at him over peanuts heaped on a steaming machine. He started across the street. An immense engine, running without mules, with the voice of a bull and the smell of a smoky lamp, whizzed past, grazing his knee. A cab driver bumped him with a hub and explained to him that kind words were invented to be used on other occasions. A motorman clanged his bell wildly, and, for once in his life, corroborated a cab-driver. A large lady in a changeable silk waist dug an elbow into his back, and a newsy pensively pelted him with banana rinds, murmuring, "I hates to do it—but if anybody seen me let it pass!"

Cal Harkness, his day's work over and his express wagon stabled, turned the sharp edge of the building that, by the cheek of architects, is modeled upon a safety razor. Out of the mass of hurry people his eye picked up, three yards away, the surviving bloody and implacable foe of his kith and kin.

He stopped short and wavered for a moment, being unarmed and sharply surprised. But the keen mountaineer's eye of Sam Folwell had picked him out.

There was a sudden spring, a ripple in the stream of passers-by and the sound of Sam's voice crying:

"Howdy, Cal; I'm durned glad to see ye."

And in the angles of Broadway, Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street the Cumberland feudists shook hands.

SECRETS OF CHEMISTRY

IT was announced a few weeks ago that a distinguished chemist of the Imperial Technical School of Moscow had solved the problem of making artificial rubber, and that he could sell the new product at about 1s. 4d. a pound.

Yet, in spite of this widely disseminated piece of news, the price of rubber remains pretty much the same. The reason may be found by examining the patent office records. During the past 10 or 12 years nearly 300 patents for artificial rubber have been taken out.

Substitutes have been made from petroleum, from coal tar, turpentine, peat, from nitrated linseed oil, and by treating cereals with phyalin.

The latter invention made a considerable sensation so long ago as 1906; yet, judging by the constantly increasing demand for the natural product, it has had little effect upon the real rubber market.

The chemist, working in his laboratory, can take any substance and analyze it—that is, break it up into its original constituents and tell you what they are, and how much of each element the substannce in question is composed of.

But when it comes to building up the original substance out of its price constituents, there he is at sea. By dint of long and patient experiments, or perhaps by pure chance, he may succeed in reproducing some few natural products, but that is as far as he can go.

Indigo dye took many years to synthesize. A German chemist accomplished it at last, but the curious discovery was made that, if blended with the natural product made from the indigo plant, the color produced was both more durable and broghter than that made by either dye alone. So artificial indigo has not yet ruined the indigo planter.

At Delhi, the new capital of India, stands an ancient iron monument which, though exposed to all weathers, never rusts or decays. Yet it has no protective covering. Here is a secret which would be simply invaluable to the world, which has been discovered by some Indian artificer of old time and most unfortunately been lost.

At a recent meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, Mr. Cushman said that we could face the future with complacency if we could rediscover the secret. To ship owners alone it would mean a yearly saving of millions. Rust is the great enemy of the steel ship, and she has constantly to go into dock to have her hull coated with anti-corrosive solution.

May Be Made Bishop for Scaling Mt. McKinley

Seattle, Wash., June 27.—The return of Archdeacon Hudson Stuck and his party of mountain climbers from Mount McKinley which peak they were the first to reach the top, is awaited with interest. The Alaskan missionary left Fairbanks last March and succeeded in reaching the highest point on the North American continent on June 7. This is the peak Dr. Frederick A. Cook said he climbed and was later discredited by Professor Parker, who recently returned to New York after unsuccessfully trying to accomplish the feat. Archdeacon Stuck is a prominent Episcopal clergyman and went to Alaska nine years ago from Texas. It is said he stands a better chance now than ever of being made a bishop at the Episcopal general convention in New York next October.

Abe Martin

Th' commonest variety o' optimist is th' feller that thinks ever'thing that hurts someboddy else is fer th' best.

The Marriage of Captain Kettle

(Continued from First Page.)

of the lagoon, and are ready to sail with her in consort ourselves. Now then, my good Skipper, play on that."

Captain Kettle thought a while, and then sighed. "It seems simple. But, by James, to me it looks too simple to be wholesome. There's no denying that the market price of Winchesters up-country in Morocco is a lot more than it is in London or Connecticut, but Mr. Bergash is a man with an English upbringing, and he knows how to get stuff out here if he wants it. Paying seven to eight times their value for Yankee rifles is out of all reason. Why, he could get even those shiftless Grand Canary fishing schooners to run them across here for half that."

"I didn't haggle," said Sir George rather stiffly, "nor did Mr. Bergash. He heard what we'd got, and he just made the offer in round figures as I've told you. I took it. Perhaps it may throw a little light on the matter if I point out to you that gold has relatively little value up there in the Atlas. They can't eat it, and they don't wear it, and I gather that they can get it by washing out the sands in the local becks with comparatively little labor. As regards a guarantee of good faith, I don't see how he could offer a more conclusive one than proposing to leave the guns in our possession till all chance of using them against us would be over."

"Well, sir, you are owner, and it is for me to carry out your orders. If it doesn't interfere with arrangements, I may tell you that when the moon goes down and all is nice and quiet and dark, I mean to take my gig and slip across the lagoon to where the Towers is lying, and find out for myself how things exactly are at the moment. The glass shows she hasn't an anchor down, and I've had her against careful shore bearings, and she hasn't budged a foot since we came in here with the Wangaroo. Now she was ranging about a bit when we came to reconnoiter in that surf boat."

"Probably she's on the ground. Floated there at high water and stays tight and quiet."

"I'd be easier if she did. I reckon the tide lifts some four feet six, or five feet inside here, and if she'd grounded on the top of high water, she'd show two to four feet more side at the bottom of the ebb, according to how soft the bottom was. She doesn't do that. I put the big telescope on her. Poor old Captain Farnish loaded her down with that copper ore to within half an inch of her mark, and she floats at that without so much as a hand's-breath of change. No, Sir George, she got water under her, and she's not anchored. The tides, both ebb and flood, run round that bight where she is at a good six knots, and still she doesn't move."

"Then she must be tied up in some other way."

"I've thought of a breast-fast, sir, and I went to the foremast head, and stood on the eyes of the rigging, and steadined the glasses on the truck so that I could see right down on to her decks."

"Well?"

"Her decks were full of litter and muck, but there was no breast-fasts."

"I'm afraid," said Sir George impatiently, "that all this tedious technical detail is a bit beyond me. The Norman Towers is there, and you say afloat, and that's all that really interests me. We'll pull her out when we are ready. In the meanwhile I can tell you I am pretty thoroughly satisfied with my bargain about the guns, and the main thing I am concerned in now is to keep Bergash in a good humor. I'm off below for a cup of tea. Come as soon as you're ready."

Sir George got up and left the chart house. On the deck outside inquisitive eyes stared at him, but he spoke to no one. He was distinctly ruffled, and hoped to find a more congenial atmosphere below. In the companionway he met his sister. She was white-faced and trembling. He took her arm in a large firm hand looked at her curiously.

"Is he hurt?" she asked. "Oh, George, how dreadful! I've only just heard."

"Is who hurt?"

"Captain Kettle."

"He is not. I thought perhaps you were inquiring about one of your dark friends."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Well, several of them are hurt, I gather, pretty badly. Your little captain must needs pick a quarrel with some local boatmen as to whether he should pay ten shillings or a pound for some sheep, and then, when they naturally objected, he proceeded to shoot down about six of them."

"Presumably he was risking his life, and I suppose that's what it amounts to, in your interest."

"If you call cheese-paring over ten shillings at the risk of upsetting a deal for fifteen thousand pounds helping my interests, I suppose he was."

She stood staring with round eyes over his shoulder.

"You think only of your money. And you know he might have been killed—killed! Oh, if he had been?"

Sir George tightened his grip and shook his sister's arm gently.

"I say, you know, Violet, you must pull yourself together. I'm quite aware it's only to me, but you're rather giving the show away."

"And do you think I mind? He knows. There's truly no secret about my caring for him. Emily knows, for that matter."

"Emily? Oh you mean the stewardess. I gather she was engaged to him at once."

"I believe she was. It's broken off now. I don't know why, and didn't inquire; I was grateful enough for the bare fact. I want him myself, George, and I mean to have him."

"But I say, old lady, that'll hardly do, you know. Of course, I twigged you were putting in a pretty hard flirtation with the little man, but then, of course, that's only your way. You always did flirt with everything in trousers that came along ever since you were a six-year-old. Still there are limits to everything, and dash it all, when it comes to cutting out your own maid with her young man, well, I call it bad form."

"I'll admit what you please, including the flirting. It began with that I suppose. But it's got past that now. I'm hit. I've never felt this way about any man before, and it's the real thing come at last, George."

"You mean you're really in love with the chap?"

"That's the usual phrase."

"But you can't marry him. He's an awfully decent little fellow in his way, I know, but, dash it all, Violet, do look facts in the face. He isn't our clip. If you want a husband, you absolutely must get one out of your own class. If you've really made up your mind to marry, why don't you whistle up Ingleborough again? He's a very decent sort of chap, and I know he'd have you like a bird. If you married this Kettle, you know perfectly well everybody would cut you."

She plucked away her arm, and faced him defiantly. "And do you imagine I'd care? D'you think I'm not heartily sick of the whole crew of them? Anyway, you of all people have a precious small right to give advice on such a subject. You did yourself what you're advising me to do. You married a woman in your own class, and a bonny mess you made of it. You stuck to one another just six months, if I recollect my dates aright—"

"A year, you spitfire—"

"Call it that if you like, and for the last three you haven't spent ten nights under the same roof, and only those by the accident of being asked to the same house party. You married according to rule, and I, with your fine example before me, am going to marry to please myself. That is, if he'll have me."

"Oh, dash it all, there can be no question about the man snapping you up, if you're fool enough to chuck yourself away on him."

She laughed rather bitterly. "And you've been boxed up in this wretched little steamer with him all these weeks, and know him no better than that? My dear boy, I'd be the happiest woman in the northern hemisphere if I thought Owen would take me this minute, even if I had to go and ask him myself. But, as it is, I know he's got nothing but civil words for me—at present—and I believe I'm the most miserable woman now on earth in consequence. It will take something desperate to wake him up to the fact that he can really love me, and I'm getting my scheme in order."

"What mischief are you up to now?"

"You'll find out when I begin to make use of you.

"Oh, you needn't scowl at me like a cheap actor. You are all the brother I've got, and you've made a mess of it yourself, and you're past help, or I would give it to you if I could. I am all the sister you have, and I've never asked you for anything big, and now that I've made up my mind what's the one thing in all my life I want and shall ever want, I'm simply going to make you help get it for me."

"My dear old girl, I'd be very glad to do anything I could for you in reason. But I tell you it's absolutely preposterous of you to think of marrying my skipper, and frankly, you must look upon me as the opposition."

"All right, George. That's a fair and sportsmanlike warning. Sorry if I rather slopped over just now. But if I want you, don't kick if you find yourself being used. And don't abuse me later on if you find I've run you in for a scheme that's a bit dangerous, when an easier one would have done if you'd offered to help in it decently. There, you may run away up on deck, and have your tea up there by yourself. Sorry I can't invite you down while I have mine with the saint and her majesty. I did suggest it, but the old lady's a great stickler for Moslem etiquette, and it wouldn't do at all for you to come inside our sacred inclosure."

To Be Continued.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

Making Crop Reports

About 130,000 reporters contribute to the making of the government crop reports which are issued monthly at Washington. Most of these reporters are not paid, but are classed as "voluntary correspondents," and the only reward they get, aside from the satisfaction of doing the work itself, is that they receive the publications of the department without having to write to ask for them.

Nevertheless most of them stick to the work. An inquiry made in January, 1912, showed that 88 per cent of them had served more than a year, 67 per cent had served more than two years, 42 per cent more than six years, 4 per cent more than 26 years, and 1 per cent more than 36 years.

Among these volunteers are country correspondents who have several assistants who can be called on if necessary. They report directly to Washington. There are also township correspondents who report directly and independently to Washington. Reports from these and still other independent sources are used to check one another. The number of counties of agricultural importance in the United States is approximately 2,800 and the township reporters number 32,000. Then there are reports from many individual farmers and planters. Among these are "special cotton correspondents" and special potato, tobacco, livestock and other correspondence.

Among the paid reporters are 20 special field agents who travel systematically over certain districts assigned to them and are chosen for their statistical training and practical knowledge. It is their business to question the best informed persons in each neighborhood—farmers, country merchants, implement dealers and others—and to collect information in every way. They make reports monthly, sometimes by mail and sometimes by telegraph, and if conditions require more frequent reports they are made.

Then there are state statistical agents, each of whom reports for his state as a whole, and maintains a corps of correspondents entirely independent of those reporting directly to the department at Washington. The state statistical correspondens report monthly to the state agent, who co-operates and analyzes them in the light of his own knowledge and from them prepares his reports to the department.

Of course, although there is much checking up of reports from various sources, the final result cannot approach mathematical exactness, because the whole rests on the opinions of farmers, merchants and others, based on such information as they have at hand. The reports, however, do not purport to be other than estimates.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answers. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers.

My horse has been troubled with a cough for more than a year. He coughs most at night, during damp weather. He eats heartily and is in fair condition. The cough seems to be dry. I feed him corn and cornfodder mostly. Will somebody tell me what to do for him?—P. A. L., Ellerhe, N. C.

I have a horse that has a wind gall on his hind leg, between the two bones at the knee joint. When I rub on the outside it goes to the inside of leg. Can some reader give me a remedy?—G. M. B., Ridgway, Va.

We have two registered calves that have some trouble in breathing, making a noise that can be heard all over the stable. They eat well and grow, and the trouble does not seem to be very painful. They have no fever and no discharge from the nose. There seems to be no trouble with the lungs and they are tuberculin tested. They breathe as though there is some obstruction in the nasal passages, but there is nothing that can be seen or felt from the outside. I hope somebody can tell me what to do for them.—G., Montpelier, Vt.

I have a fine, large catalpa tree in my yard that is infected every year with big brown and yellow striped worms. They eat the leaves, and are gradually destroying the tree. Can any of the readers of the Farmstead tell me how to destroy the pests?—J. N. D., Burrville, Tenn.

I would like to know how to make tomato vinegar, and is it as good as cider vinegar? How to make good home-made brooms from broomcorn. How to hull rice for table use, where one has but two or three bushels and there is no machine in the country to do the work. I would be very much pleased to have these questions answered.—E. T., Huntington, Tenn.

Why the Ducklings Die.

Mrs. L., Sloanville, N. Y., inquires why her ducklings die. Having had the same experience, perhaps what I have learned may benefit her and others. From the formula she gives she is feeding fully one-half bran and so did it, because others advised it. And my ducklings were dying because they were weakened by eating too much bran. They could not stand the exercise they needed. I quit the bran, gave them more strengthening food, and since the first day have not had a duckling get down. I would advise Mrs. L. to cut out the bran, give more cornmeal—a small amount of shorts is good—and not too much milk, and no sour milk at all. Feed not to exceed three times a day, moderately. See that they have some green food and shade. With nourishing food the ducklings should rally at once.—L. S. A., Plain City, Ohio.

The Old Mite Question.

I have seen several requests in The Blade for information how to get rid of chicken mites, but there have been no replies suggesting remedies that equal mine. Take the fowl, hold her head down and fill the feathers with flour of sulphur, being careful to work it down on the body. Mites cannot life in sulphur and the buildings will be rid of the pests. I treated my plant in October, and within a year I had no further trouble. The sulphur remains long enough to kill the young lice as they hatch.

Very many poultrymen are troubled with hens pulling feathers from each other. Most writers say it is caused by iddleness or viciousness, but it is caused by the natural want of the hen. To prevent and remedy the matter feed fresh feathers. When I dress poultry I save the feathers and feed them to the hens twice a week. Watch your fowls and you will see that they pick up all the fresh feathers lying about.—J. A. H., Howard City, Mich.

The Alfalfa Wave.

There is now passing over the country an additional wave in regard to the production of alfalfa. We have had it on our little place for the last 10 years. It is needless to say that this is our hobby, and every farmer who grows alfalfa successfully will make it his hobby, too.

We have experimented with this plant in different ways. Two years ago we tried to get an alfalfa lawn, which proved a total failure; we had to clip it too short and too often. In April, 1912, we had a three-acre corn-ground wheat field; all except the wheat. We cultivated the field both ways; leveled it down with an A weeder, sowed 20 pounds of red clover and 10 pounds of alfalfa seed; went over it again with a weeder, and it is a success in every way. I did this for two reasons: First, I wanted to get every field inoculated to the growth of alfalfa; second, I wanted this field for pasture. I never pasture my alfalfa field. I have never had the stock bloat when the pasture was alfalfa, clover and bluegrass.

The first six years my alfalfa business was a success; the last four years a partial failure. Wholly my own fault because I plowed down a pure grass sod. The second year the grass took possession of the field in different parts. I have never disked after the first cutting, which I am doing this season. Continued handling will make any one an expert in managing alfalfa. —Frank Spaulding in Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

Pasture Weeds.

The cocklebur grows from one to two feet high. This bur is said to have two kernels, one of which sprouts the first year, and the other the second. If they grow in meadows or pastures, frequent cuttings with mowers will keep them down. To eradicate them from an old field break the land early in the spring and sow oats. As soon as the oats are harvested, break the ground and sow fall wheat. Then seed the ground to timothy and clover.

Ragweed is a dark, sprangly weed, growing from three to four feet high, which frequents corn fields and pastures; also grows along fences and ravines. It must be ployed, hoed or pulled by hand from the corn field. Mow them in the pastures when in bloom and cut them with a scythe along the ravines and fences at the same time.

Burdock puts out large, dark leaves, covering the ground. From the center of the cluster of leaves long stalks shoot upward, which bloom and form burs at seeding time. It will grow in pastures, along fences and lanes. To destroy, cut off leaves just below surface of soil and put a handful of salt over exposed root.

The Canada thistle grows a tall stem from which extend prickly leaves. The purple or crimson bloom comes out in August. It is reproduced by seeding and sprouting. Fields in which they thrive should be well plowed and seeded to millet or some small grain that will smother them out. In meadows or pastures they should be dug out with a spade.

LIVE STOCK

How to Feed Salt.

While feeds contain nearly all the chloride of sodium—salt—that animals really need, there is no doubt but that the teaching of experience, that additional salt will aid, is correct, if this salt is given judiciously.

Salt fed irregularly and in large quantities, as is customary, probably does more harm than good. A steer weighing 1,000 pounds will when salt is kept before him consume something less than an ounce each day.

This is a small amount of salt, and if the salt is mixed with the feed not more than this amount should be given daily. When salted once a week or once in two weeks, and then given a handful, they get too much and then drink too much water. Too much salt at irregular intervals also causes looseness of the bowels. The proper method of salting, and one that causes least trouble, is to give about one ounce of salt in the feed each day for a week, and then place barrel salt in a box under cover, where the cattle can go to it and eat as they wish it.

Judicious management in regard to salting animals will do much to guard against any of the results that are not to be desired, which are caused by indifferent and improper attention to the business.

Must the Horse Go?

The prediction has often been made that the automobile, auto truck, trolley cars and other modes of transportation, and now motor plows and farming implements, would do much to reduce the demand for horses, and yet prices for horses have steadily risen, as other prices have risen.

Moreover, it is probable that the demand for good horses will continue. The change has been and will continue to be in the quality of the horses. The "plug" will be eliminated. Only good horses will pay for the production, and demand for good stock will grow—demand will be for better stock all the time, while demand for stock of poor quality will grow less. The man who raises poor stock need not expect a good market, and will be fortunate if he finds a market at all.

There ought to be no market for stock of poor quality. The production of such stock answers no good purpose, and is gross waste. A horse of fine quality can be fed for as little as a "plug," and there is no excuse for the "plug's" existence.

Let those who are raising horses—and mules—appreciate the fact that the demand is for good stock only, and they will respond to the demand. Let them know that they must find loss on poor stock and they will breed only good stock.

Pleading for Sheep.

Edgar L. Vincend, writing in the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean, makes the following plea for sheep:

I wish I might say something that would encourage farmers to get into sheep a little more generally. I am led to do this by the good prices we have received for our lambs the past season. They went readily, on the average, when about six months of age, for $6 each, lacking a few cents. When you think how comparatively little work is connected with growing lambs it seems to me this is pretty good. Of course, if we had been situated so that we could have butchered those lambs ourselves and marketed them, we could have realized more for them. Then, too, this is not all the return we got from the ewes that more the lambs referred to. We have the wool. Every ewe should shear at least five or six pounds of wool, and this would bring in the market now about 20 cents a pound, or something like $1.25 more.

It is calculated that eight sheep can be kept on the same feed which would be required for one cow. Supposing that we have eight sheep, and each has one lamb, selling at the rate I have stated, $6, and the little bunch would bring us nearly $50. We think it a pretty good cow that could put that amount in our pockets in a year for the same amount of work. We know what it means to have a dairy to attend to. Twice a day the cows must be milked, and it is a good deal more care to feed, grom and clean the stables after cattle than it is to care for sheep. Anyhow, I believe that every farmer might find it a source of profit to keep some sheep. It does not need a great deal of experience to look after a small flock.

THE DAIRY

Defects in Butter Making.

Four main defects in farm butter as compared with creamery butter are pointed out by O. G. Simpson of the Oregon agricultural college. He says:

"The main defect in farm butter, as compared with creamery butter, are bad flavor, staleness or rancidity, too many shades of color, and unsuitable packages. The flavor is of the highest importance, and no matter how good the butter is in other respects, if the flavor is wrong it is classed as an inferior article.

"No matter how skillful the butter maker is, it is impossible for him to make a strictly first class butter out of poorly flavored or tainted cream. Cream may become tainted from four causes: bacterial infection, absorbtion of flavors, food eaten, or disease in the cow. The bacterial infection ay come of unclean cows and stables, unclean of condition of milkers, unclean utensils, or keeping the cream in unclean surroundings, especially in a temperature above 60 degrees.

"Absorption of flavors takes place with remarkable rapidity when milk or cream is allowed to stand in an atmosphere where odors are present, especially when the milk is warm. Foods that have strong tastes and odors, such as onions, decayed silage, old stalky kale, or turnip tops should not be fed within a few hours of milking. Experiments have shown that milk will not possess the flavors of such foods if not drawn for eight or 12 hours after feeding. Cows that are abnormally heated or excited before milking give a tainted milk. Many diseases also affect the cow's milk."

Fall Calves.

Where cattle are reared under natural conditions, the rule that the young be dropped in the spring will continue, but this practice is not necessarily the most successful, especially to the dairyman. Fall dropped calves come at a time when the little attention they need can easily be given, and they occupy but little space in the barn or shed. Subsisting on skim milk with a little grain and hay when spring comes the youngsters are large enough to make good use of the pasture, and in the fall they are large enough and strong enough in digestive power to make good use of the dry feed necessitated by winter conditions.

Fall dropped calves allow the dairyman to have his cows giving a good flow of milk during the time of year when milk and butter command the highest prices. Cows that freshen in the fall will give a good flow of milk for a longer period than those that freshen in the spring. For fall freshened cows can be turned to fresh green pasture just as the period of lactation that she most needs it to keep up her flow of milk, while the spring freshened cow is in the period of lactation that she most needs green feed to keep up her milk flow, when the pastures begin to fail, and it is a hard proposition to keep her from drying up early in her period of lactation.—H. C., of Oklahoma in The Farmer's Guide.

Silo Experience.

Last season I built a silo costing me approximately $250 and then it cost me something like $60 to fill it, exclusive of the value of the corn put in. With the exception of $26 as a cash payment for engine and cutter, I paid for all the help I needed by exchanging work. It is generally conceded that stalks constitute from 40 to 50 per cent of the corn crop, and these were practically worthless for dry feed. My silo holds 80 tons and I saved 40 tons of good feed by putting these stalks in the silo. I consider silage as worth $5 per ton fed to my stock, so that according to these figures I have gained $200 in one season's use of my silo. If not put into the silo this corn would have cost something to handle, and this should be deducted from the cost of filling the silo, but figuring the extra cost of filling at $50 per season it would take but three seasons to make my silo pay for itself. A good stave silo should last at least 20 years, barring accidents, so you can see that it is more a question of whether we can afford not to have a silo than afford to have one.

Then there was a good deal of satisfaction last winter when snow drifts were piled high all about us, to be able to feed 30 head of cattle out of this silo in less time than it would have taken to hitch up a team to haul a load of feed from the field. This way of feeding meant more comfort to myself, the team and the stock. I fed my dairy cows two pounds of cottonseed meal and 40 pounds of silage each per day and found it far better feed than our former feed of corn stover and ground corn. I fed no hay of any sort with the silage.

I know of tenants who are building silos, and where a man can lease a farm for a term of years I believe it is a paying proposition.

Guernsey Cattle Popular.

Guernsey cattle are making their way into new territory at such a rapid rate that the American Guernsey Cattle Club, with headquarters at Petersboro, N. H., has commented thus:

"During the last few months it has been very interesting to note, when looking over the work of the Herd Register for Guernseys, not only an increase in the number of animals recorded, but that the transfers show that the Guernseys are fast spreading into new territory. The sales recorded during the last month show many animals have gone to Kansas, Wyoming, Colorado, Minnesota and North Dakota, and southward into Virginia, North Carolina and West Virginia. The high natural color of the Guernsey products, with their accompanying fine flavor, is making many friends for the breed."

THE ORCHARD

Apple Blight.

The twig or pear blight in the apple and pear, which is more prevalent than usual this spring, is more or less a puzzle to orchardists and scientists and, as is always the case with what we do not fully understand, is the subject of many startling theories and marvelous remedies, all of which fail more often than they cure. I shall not attempt to say whether the twig and spur blight are identical or not, but know they intermingle upon the diseased trees and apparently both are closely allied to the fire blight so destructive to the pear in some sections. To attempt to control the disease by cutting out the dead twigs would be a big job and of doubtful value, for, by the time you discover its presence the disease has run its course in that particular branch only to appear in another.

Why the malady is worse some seasons than others, why it attacks some varieties more often than others, why a tree will suffer until nearly dead and then suddenly recover and be healthy ever after, why it may prevail a part of the season and then suddenly stop, are some of the things we do not know. One of the points upon which all the artists agree, is that the pear is the host which harbors the disease, transmitting it to the apple and the universal recommendation is to keep the pear away from the apple orchard. Will this theory hold water? I am growing both apple and pear and have some pear trees growing adjacent to part of the apple orchard and some apple trees growing in the pear orchard. I do not think the pear orchard has been entirely free from blight for 40 years, although, many seasons it has been very slight. On the other hand, I have never had a serious infectation in the apple orchard and usually no signs of the disease. This spring, however, in common with many others, we have blight in the apple, but I am not ready to cut out the pear trees to get rid of it for contrary to the accepted theory the apples showed the disease several days before I saw a sign of it in the pear. At the present time the apples are affected much the worse, the pear showing less disease than common. If it develops later in the pear shall I jump at the conclusion that the apple has been the cause and cut them out?

I practiced cutting out fire blight in pear as it appeared for many years without any appreciable effect upon the disease, but of later years, by careful disinfection of the tools used, the results have been better. Whether cutting will have the same effect upon the twig blight is in doubt as the disease seems to stop with the death of the twig or spur. Certainly it will take an enormous amount of work to clean up some orchards.—H. H. S., in Farmer's Guide.

Horticultural Notes.

Make preparation to save all fruits that mature in your orchard this year. When the local market is overstocked, can, pickle, preserve and dry for winter use. Save the food products.

The cover crop will be of much benefit to the orchard in reducing the loss of moisture, in providing humus and in keeping down the weeds. Prepare the land and sow a cover crop if this has not already been done.

The first essential in selling fruits is good fruit; second, selection, grading and packing; third, a knowledge of the market; fourth, the employment of honest dealers to handle the shipment. What other business is as complicated as commercial fruit growing?

BANISHED

Coffee Finally Had to Go.

The way some persons cling to coffee, even after they know it is doing them harm, is a puzzler. But it is an easy matter to give it up for good, when Postum is properly made and used instead. A girl writes:

"Mother had been suffering with nervous headaches for seven weary years, but kept on drinking coffee.

"One day I asked her why she did not give up coffee, as a cousin of mine had done who had taken to Postum. But Mother was such a slave to coffee she thought it would be terrible to give it up.

"Finally, one day, she made the change to Postum, and quickly her headaches disappeared. One morning while she was drinking Postum so freely and with such relish, I asked for a taste.

"That started me on Postum and I now drink it more freely than I did coffee, which never comes into our house now."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for booklet, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms.

Regular Postum (must be boiled.)

Instant Postum doesn't require boiling, but is prepared **instantly** by stirring a level teaspoonful in an ordinary cup of hot water, which makes it right for most persons.

A big cup requires more and some people who like **strong** things put in a heaping spoonful and temper it with a large supply of cream.

Experiment until you know the amount that pleases your palate and have it served that way in the future. "There's a Reason" for Postum.

5 Year Guaranteed Buggies At ½ Retail Price

You take no risk when you buy a buggy from us. We guarantee it to please you, and to be a bigger value for your money than you can get anywhere else, or you needn't keep it. *Reference;* S. Ill. Natl. Bank, East St. Louis, Ill.

Mutual Buggies, Surreys, Wagons, etc., are the highest quality, handsomest, most stylish vehicles built. **The only line guaranteed 5 years.** We sell direct at wholesale prices—and save you $25.00 to $100.00. **Write for catalog and delivered prices.**

MUTUAL HARNESS at $5.85 per set up; double $14.10 up; work harness $19. up, all genuine leather; highest quality; **Fully Guaranteed** 25 to 50% cheaper than retail. Catalog Free. Write today

SENT ON APPROVAL.

MUTUAL CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG. CO., Station 46GE, St. Louis, Ill.
or Station 46G 101 E. Fourth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE GARDEN

Horseradish.

Horseradish will grow without much attention from the gardener It is so easily grown that on rich, moist soil it becomes a troublesome weed if neglected. But it does so much better and yields roots of such superior quality when cultivated that it is advisable to grow horseradish as a regular garden crop.

When the garden is made dig some horseradish roots and cut those of small size into sections about four inches long. Roots too small for grating are good enough for this purpose. Cut them with the top end on a slant and the other straight across, so that it will be easy to distinguish the ends.

Select a place at one side of the garden where the plant will be out of the way. With a sharp stick mark holes in the soil, in a row about 18 inches apart, into which drop the pieces of root. The holes should be deep enough so that the tops of the roots will be about two inches below the surface of the soil. The roots should, of course, be planted with the top or slanting side up.

The roots will grow and keep on growing. In a year they will be large enough for use, but may be left for a longer time if desired.

The plan followed by market gardeners is to grow horseradish as a second grop. The cuttings are planted between the rows of peas. The ground is cultivated and if a horseradish has the imprudence to appear above the surface it is promptly cut off. So it stays out of sight until the peas have been harvested, when it is allowed to grow and at once proceeds to take possession of the ground. In a short time the leaves will cover the surface and the roots will make the best of the weeds before another spring comes around. Set any time between April 1 and Oct. 1.

Things to Remember.

The garden will need frequent cultivation during the summer to keep down noxious weeds and save the moisture that falls as "showers." Do not let hot weather persuade you that summer cultivation is not necessary for the garden.

Watch the Irish potatoes and be ready to assail the beetles when first they make their appearance. Blight is a dreaded disease of potatoes that should be carefully looked for. Spraying with weak Bordeaux is the remedy. Lime-sulphur is about as good as the Bordeaux.

Quality in vegetables means just as much as quality in milk or any other product of the farm. Quantity is not so much to be desired as a good quality. If you can combine quantity and quality you are on the road to success.

POULTRY

Avoid Setbacks.

To promote the best growth in the young chicks it is necessary to avoid all setbacks that may take place in their development. Hot runs or sleeping quarters will set development of the chicks back three or four weeks more than it would take them to make a good growth on well shaded or in well ventilated sleeping quarters. One of the most common and dangerous things that can take place in the life of the chick on the average farm is the fact that they are liable to suffer from the effect of a serious rain storm. It cannot be doubted that this is one of the great objections to free range. Every housewife has had the experience of having her largest and best chicks drowned in this manner, yet each year she allows the chicks to be subjected to the same chance of destruction. If a large open shed could be provided or sufficient shelter erected over the ground which they are compelled to range you will not only save considerable in the death loss but will also prevent chilly rains stunting their growth.

Corn for Young Chicks.

Considerable comment has been aroused recently among poultrymen over the subject of corn as a suitable food for young or growing fowls. It is generally agreed that corn is not a suitable food for a chick during the earlier stages of its growth. Being composed of a great amount of carbohydrates—considerably greater than its content of protein—it is especially valuable as a food to use at the fattening stage of growth. Large quantities of protein are necessary during the earlier stages of growth in order to build up a good, strong structure of bone and muscles. During this period of growth nothing could be fed to greater advantage than wheat in a suitable size for the chicks. Broken rice, ground oats or steel-cut oats will also aid in supplying sufficient protein for muscle, bone and feather development.

Crowded Brooders.

"Brooders crowded now mean trouble in the fall," declares Prof. J. G. Halpin of the college of agriculture of the University of Wisconsin. According to Prof. Halpin, poultrymen should make sure that the chicks are given plenty of space to avoid overheating. "When brooders have been so packed that chicks were pushed outside, I have seen poultrymen come along and throw them inside, on top of the others, instead of giving them more room. As they grow, the crowding and overheating, of course, becomes worse," he continued.

"In summer this seems to have no other effect than retarding growth slightly, but in fall trouble begins. When those heated chicks are released on some cool autumn morning they are chilled through and catch cold. Many may die as a result.

"Perhaps one of the greatest causes of overcrowding the chicks is the out door brooder. Most of these have floor space entirely out of proportion with their advertised capacity. If the farmers built their own colony houses and used indoor brooders more largely, better results would be secured.

Feeding Young Chicks.

A good quality of rolled oats is suggested as an excellent first feed for chicks by the poultry husbandry department of the Oregon agricultural college. Bread crumbs or stale bread soaked in milk and squeezed dry are also very good. Another good feed for the first few days is a raw egg mixed with bran and a little shorts or middlings, fed in a crumbly condition twice a day. Any of these may be fed twice a day with the addition of cracked wheat and cracked corn.

Until the chicks have learned to eat, the food should be given on clean sand. After a couple of days the cracked wheat and corn should be fed in chaff so as to make the chicks scratch. The depth of the chaff should increase with the development of the chicks.

After the first week the bran and egg or bread and milk should be discontinued and in its place a mash of bran and shorts or bran and middlings with ground corn (about three parts bran to one of middlings, and one of corn should be fed.

If the ground corn is too high priced, finely ground wheat may be used, and later finely ground oats with a pinch of salt and enough milk or water added to make a crumbly mixture.

As much as the chicks will clean up readily in an hour or less should be given once a day. The cracked grain in the chaff should be fed until the chicks are six weeks old when whole wheat may be given them. The soft food should not be left in the feeding troughs after the chicks have had all they will eat.

A dish of charcoal should be kept where the chicks can get at it all the time, and a small dish of dry middlings will provide a good cure for ordinary diarrhoea.

When the feeding of the egg is discontinued beef scraps should be substituted in a box or hopper where the chicks can help themselves any time. The feeding should be planned to keep the chicks busy most of the day.

As much range as possible of fresh ground should be given and the chicks should be kept clean and free from mites.

HOG CHOLERA ERADICATION

Government Will Begin Campaign Against Disease in Iowa.

Under a special appropriation of $75,000 made by congress "for demonstrating the best method of preventing and eradicating hog cholera," the United States department of Agriculture has undertaken practical experiments in combating this disease. The appropriation becomes available July 1, and work will be begupn first in Dallas county, Iowa, and will be taken up later in Indiana, and in one or two other states. In Iowa the work will be done in co-operation with the state veterinarian and the Iowa State College.

A few years ago the bureau of animal industry of the department of agriculture developed an effective serum. In many states this serum has been prepared and distributed to farmers. In the work which is now begun the control and eradication of the disease will be the main object, the serum being used in connection with the quarantine and educational measures.

In the work in Iowa, representatives of the state college and of the bureau of animal industry will make a survey of the county, estimating as closely as possible the losses from hog cholera during demonstrations at farmers' meetings and by personal interviews they will explain to the farmers the object and nature of the work. The state veterinarian will issue and enforce such restrictive regulations as may be deemed necessary to prevent the spread of the disease. The serum treatment is preventive rather than curative.

Hog cholera has for many years been a scourge, causing heavier direct losses than any other animal disease in this country. The losses for last year are estimated at $60,000,000. In face of a short supply and high prices of meat it is becoming imperative that something be done.

Thirteen states have boiler inspection laws.

LOOK LIKE THANKSGIVING

WHITE HOLLAND TURKEYS.

The White Hollands are beautiful birds. Their pure white plumage contrasts strongly with the red of their head and neck and the black beard in the breast. The White Holland is known in European countries as the White Austrian, and is widely bred in Austria, Hungary and southern France, in which markets it commands good prices. In America the breed is popular because of its domesticity and comparative ease of keeping and rearing. It is several pounds smaller than the great and popular American Bronze turkey, but, nevertheless, the dressed specimens find ready sale in our markets.

SCIENTIFIC WAR WAGED ON THE SWEET-CORN WORM

To market sweet corn free from the corn ear worm which annually nibbles its way across three-quarters of the table corn raised is the aim of truck farmers who fight a scientific battle against this pest. The devastations of this worm are well known to housekeepers full as well as to the farmers and general rejoicing is predicted from both producer and consumer at the prospect of eliminating it.

A scientific study of the habits of this worm shows that it passes the winter in the sail of infested fields and this month emerges in the form of a moth which, winging its way across the corn fields, deposits the eggs from which spring the grain devouring larvae. Lead arsenate powdered over the silk of the young corn in some combination that will cause it to cling to the plant has been tried experimentally with great success. The poison is mixed with air-slacked lime or cheap what flour and powdered sulphur and the compounds is dusted over the corn at about the height of the young ears. Results have shown that the percentage of crop damage can be reversed by such treatment, 75 per cent of the ears being free from the pest where thus treated while in adjoining untreated plots, 75 per cent of the ears were damaged.

Early improvement in the methods of apply the lead arsenate and further study of the worm's habits is expected to make it possible for careful farmers to grow corn entirely free from the pest.

SEVERE ITCHING AND BURNING

Eczema Began With Pimples on Lower Limbs. Constantly Tormented. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Cured in Ten Days.

203 Walnut St., Hillsboro, Ill. — "My child had a breaking out on the lower limbs which developed into eczema. The eczema began with pimples which contained yellow corruption and from the child's clothing they were greatly irritated. They seemed to burn, which made the child scratch them, resulting in a mass of open places. They made her so cross and fretful that it was impossible to keep her quiet. They caused her to lose much sleep and she was constantly tormented by severe itching and burning.

"I tried several well-known remedies, but got no relief until I got a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, which did so much good that I got a large quantity that cured her in ten days after she had been affected for two months." (Signed) Mrs. Edith Schwartz, Feb. 28, 1913.

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF

Prevent dry, thin and falling hair, allay itching and irritation, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, frequent shampoos with Cuticura Soap, assisted by occasional dressings with Cuticura Ointment, are usually effective when other methods fail. Sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

President Peeved; "Tut, Tut!" He Said

Washintgon, June 27.—President Wilson has introduced a new form of debauched explosive expression into administration circles. Where President Roosevelt relieved his feelings by snapping out the ejaculation "By Godfrey!" President Wilson is said to seek the same relief in the expression "tut, tut!" But it is said to be so mollycoddle "tut, tut!" It is enunciated with emphasis and deep earnestness of feeling.

Robert Emmet Taylor, a 14-year-old kiddy at the Washington country club, told the story tday.

Incidentally, young Taylor thinks Mr. Wilson the greatest man in the world. He was silent, though, on the quality of the president's golf form.

"The president struck the ball," said Robert Emmet, "and it rolled right to the edge of a hole. I sneaked over close, for I knew what they usually say when such a thing happens on the course. The president looked very peeved. He opened his lips to say something and I pricked up my ears.

"'Tut, tut!' said the president. That was all."

Particular ladies who wish to possess and preserve a most BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION *Use Boulevard Cream Lotion* — *Our goods always give satisfaction*

We always give honest values

For sunburn, rough or chapped hands, face or lips. Send 25c today for large trial size and special prices of our many other popular toilet necessities. 25 delightful shampoos for 25c in our famous "Hair Fluff." Our best seller.

FRECKLES vanish when you use our celebrated "Beautiereme," 75c Guaranteed by *The Austin Chemical Co., 5930 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.*

Toledo Weekly Blade readers will please write today and mention this paper.

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. Inordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

6178.—Ladies' Dress.

This suit is made with a coat blouse closing in front and cutaway at the lower part. The skirt has two pieces. Serge, cotton Bedford, linen and similar fabrics can be used for this dress. The dress pattern, 6178, is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 6 yards of 36 inch material.

6274—Boys' Russian Dress.

This familiar little suit is closed at the right side of the front and is made with round neck or standing collar and long sleeves. White linen embroidered by hand, gingham, poplin and similar fabrics are appropriate. The suit pattern 6274 is cut in sizes 1, 2 and 3 years. Medium size requires 2⅞ yds. of 27 in. material.

6172.—Ladies' Four Gore Skirt.

This is a good model for separate skirts and for skirts of costumes. It can be made of silk, wash materials or light weight woolens and worn with a coat of contrasting color. The skirt pattern, 6172, is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 3 yards of 44 inch material.

6091—Ladies' One Piece Corset Cover.

A design made especially for embroidered flouncing, but it can also be cut from plain material and trimmed with lace or embroidery. The body seams are those under the arms, and, of course, the front and belt finish. The corset cover pattern 6091 is cut in sizes 32 to 48 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 1¾ yards of 17-inch flouncing and 1¾ yards of plain material 36 in. wide.

6137—Child's Creeping Apron.

Slipped on over the child's dress, this will protect it from soiling. The pattern may also be made into a sacque apron by cutting off the lower portion. Gingham, calico and the like are used for this garment. The apron pattern 6137 is cut in sizes ½, 1, 2 and 3 years. Medium size requires 3¼ yards of 27 inch material.

6139.—Girl's Dress.

This dress has waist and skirt sections, the joining hidden by the belt. Tab extensions hold the belt in place. The sleeves are inset and may be long or short. The closing has two fancy tabs. Percale, gingham, lawn, challie, cotton crepe and other simple fabrics are appropriate for this dress. The dress pattern, 6199, is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Medium size requires 2⅝ yards of 36 inch material.

HOW TO MAKE A PETTICOAT

Do you know how to make a petticoat? If not, you can learn easily by securing a copy of "Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker." Don't miss the opportunity that is offered to every purchaser of a Blade pattern. The regular published price of this book is 25 cents, but if you buy a Blade pattern you can get the book for five 1-cent stamps. Save your certificate and get a book that no woman should be without.

MANN IN STIFF PUNCH AT WILSON

He Blames President for His Attitude in Caminetti Case.

Washington, June 27.—In a vigorous speech in the house yesterday Representative Mann, of Illinois, the Republican leader, attacked Attorney General McReynolds for postponing the "white slave" cases in San Francisco; criticized Commissioner General Caminetti, of the immigration bureau, father of one of the defendants, and declared that District Attorney McNab had "made the President and attorney general not only to beg the question, but to eat their words."

"Frightened rabbits," Mr. Mann said, "never got away quicker than the President and the attorney general when this matter was brought up."

Mr. Mann declared that the President and the attorney general "had permitted themselves to be used to prevent the enforcement of a great moral reform law," and insisted that the administration's excuse for the postponement, "offered to cast ignominy upon the one official in the department of justice who has bravery, courage and knowledge of how to do things," was worse than the "offense."

"The younger Caminetti is a youthful boy of 27 years, with, I believe, several children," continued the speaker, "and it was desirable to have his father at the trial to protect him in his gulleless innocence, having only seven lawyers to do so. His father had been appointed commissioner general of immigration, one of the duties of which office is to enforce both the Mann and Bennett white slave laws in reference to the deportation of aliens brought here for prostitution—a fine man to place in that position whose principal object is to leave his office in order to go to the side of his 27-year-old son under trial for white slave offense.

"The action now taken is pure hypocrisy. Manliness such as I would have expected from the Christian moral gentleman occupying the White House would have required him to ask the district attorney to withdraw his resignation and try these cases, he being most familiar with them. They have accepted the resignation of the district attorney and dismissed the officer who worked up these cases.

"I suspect the elder Caminetti and possibly the junior Caminetti may be quite willing to have the case speedily tried, when the few men who were familiar with the case and who have worked it up are fired out of the service, before any one else has time to learn all the circumstances of the case."

ORDERS STAMPS FOR YEAR

Washington, June 27.—Postmaster General Burleson yesterday ordered, through the secretary of the treasury, 12,071,480,000 postage stamps, the number estimated to be needed for the fiscal year beginning July 1.

Now Ready to Take Charlton to Italy

New York, June 25.—The decision by the United States supreme court in the case of Porter Charlton meant the end of the fight in this country to free him. The young man, who has occupied a cell in the Hudson county (N. J.) jail since June 23, 1910, soon will be taken to Italy. Charlton, whose father, Paul Charlton, a clasmate of ex-President Taft in Yale, was adviser of the bureau of insular affairs in Washington at the time of the murder, killed his wife, Mrs. Mary Scott Castle Charlton, at Lake Como, Italy, on the night of June 7, 1910. An inn in the little village of Maltrasio was the place of the crime. On the night of the murder employes of the inn heard the Charltons quarreling in their room. When the next day dawned the couple had disappeared. A trunk was found in Lake Como three days afterward. In it was the body of Mrs. Charlton, mutilated. The head had been crushed with a mallet.

Mrs. Charlton was the divorced wife of N. H. Castle, a lawyer of San Francisco. Her brother is an army officer. He has been active in the prosecution of the case against Charlton.

Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page—this issue.

CAPITAL WOMEN TO WEAR 'EM

Mrs. Christian Dominic Hemmick to Lead Crusade for Trousers.

Washington, June 26.—Washington is to get another thrill soon at the hands of Mrs. Christian Dominic Hemmick, which that woman of sensations is preparing today. "The Mrs. Astor of Washington" is going to wear trousers—modified trousers, it is true, but still trousers, with suspenders. They are being prepared by a local tailor. Some of her friends also are going to try them; and, as soon as they are finished to the satisfaction of the feminine wearers, they will be seen in public.

HOW MANY MEALS FOR HORSE?

Washington Humane Society Insists Upon Three.

Washington, June 27.—What is the proper course of dietetics for an honest, hard working horse? This is the question that the Humane Society of the District of Columbia has raised and which a police court judge will be called upon to determine within the next few days.

The Humane Society contends that three meals a day, at regular intervals, is the proper regimen. A commercial company, which uses a large number of horses in the conduct of its business, insists that two "square" meals are ample, one at 6 o'clock in the morning and the second when the horse reaches its stall at night. As a result of the controversy the officials of the company have been haled to court.

MORGAN ESTATE $100,000,000

Estimate by Comptroller's Counsel, Who Appraised Holdings.

New York, June 27.—The whole of the J. P. Morgan estate has a value of about $100,000,000, according to an unofficial estimate here credited to Thomas E. Rush, counsel to State Comptroller Sohmer, who has been in Europe the past month examining the books of the Morgan houses in London and Paris, to determine the value of the late financier's holdings.

The European assets he found to approximate $15,000,000.

If the $100,000,000 estimate for the whole estate is correct it is said this will be the biggest estate to pay an inheritance tax in America. New York state will be enriched nearly $4,000,000, it is estimated, by a tax of 4 per cent on a greater part of the estate.

SICS BUGS ON MOSQUITOES

Philadelphia, June 27.—City Entomologist Horning, official exterminato of mosquitoes in this city, has devised a new way to rid the city of these pests.

He has growing on a farm in south Philadelphia 200 preying mantis, the Chinese beetles which the mandarins use like fighting cocks.

Each of these mantis will produce 300 young and they are already swarming over the trees in the southern section of the city, devouring mosquitoes.

DEWEY DEMANDS BIGGER U. S. NAVY

Admiral Says That It Must Be Second Only to That of Great Britain.

Washington, June 25.—An adequate American navy means a fleet second only to that of Great Britain, and "inadequacy is an invitation to war," in the opinion of Admiral Dewey, ranking naval officer of the United States.

"I believe it is the duty of each generation to pay its own insurance and not to thrust its burdens on the generations that come after, and the insurance for peace is a navy strong enough to compel it," the admiral says in an article written for the program for navy day at Newport, R. I., July 2, and made public today.

"The only function and justification for the existence of a navy is the preservation of peace," he continues. "To perform this function the navy must be adequate; and, though so much discussed in these recent times, the word 'adequate' as applied to the navy has only one meaning, and that is an 'adequate navy' a navy of a strength sufficient to meet and defeat any probable enemy.

Varies With Others' Power.

"This strength is not absolute, but is relative and varies from period to period as the other naval powers of the world vary their naval strengths. At the present period's 'adequacy' on our part calls for a navy second in strength only to that of England.

"We ourselves, through lack of foresight of our fathers and forefathers, paid the penalty of our generation in the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives, and our sons and grandsons have been paying the costs of the billions of dollars wasted and the hundreds of millions in pensions for which they were mortgaged, and they still continue to pay.

Paying Debts of Fathers.

"We are paying today for the navy, as an insurance which does not insure us, roughly $1.50 per capita a year. Besides what already has been paid in lives and money, we are still mortgaged, by lack of foresight in our fathers, to the extent of the national debt and the additional $1.80 per capita a year that we are paying in pensions.

"Shall our lack of foresight continue this system of mortgaging the coming generations or shall we add the relatively small sum needed to the insufficient insurance we all pay to make that insurance adequate?"

DAM NIAGARA TO RAISE LAKE ERIE

President and International Waterways Commission Make Report.

Washington, June 28.—After more than 10 years' investigation the international waterways committee yesterday, through the President, recommended to congress the construction of a submerged dam, or weir, in the Niagara river, to raise the level of Lake Erie and its upper waters.

The commission stated the value of the proposed work to Lake Erie ports could hardly be estimated and that it would result in extensive improvements to harbors and docks.

Change in Old Plan.

Several years ago the commission reported against the advisability of constructing an ordinary dam across the Niagara because of the consequent damage to property below the dam. This dam would have completely regulated the height of the water in Lake Erie, but the latest plan contemplates only partial control.

The cost of the weir and consequent works to avoid damage to property is estimated at $3,500,000. The commission recommended its location at Gill creek on the American shore and Hog island on the Canadian, just above Welland river.

The dam would raise the level of the Niagara three feet for one and a half miles. The commission suggested the construction of a level to prevent damages to adjoining property.

Raise Niagara 1.08 Feet.

At low water level the Niagara river at the Buffalo water works would be raised 1.08 feet and at flood .19 foot; the level of Lake Erie would be arised .51 foot at extreme low stage; .39 foot at mean, and .11 fott at extreme flood stage.

The commission reported that the plan would raise the mean level of Lake St. Clair .23 foot and that of Lake Huron .09 foot. The Niagara river below the weir, and Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence river would not be appreciably affected.

The level of the barge canal at Tonawanda, N. Y., would be affected by the change, but the commission suggested the construction of a guard lock as a remedy for this.

The commission also reported that the weir would eliminate any injurious effect upon the Lake Erie level of diversion of waters at Niagara Falls for water power purposes, and would reduce the range of oscillation on Lake Erie 4½ per cent.

The report pointed out that diversion of water to the Chicago drainage canal, to the Erie canal and for power plant purposes at Niagara Falls had considerably reduced the level of Lake Erie.

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WARNS OF FOODS IN HOT WEATHER

Agricultural Department Cautions Laymen Against Tainted Edibles.

Washington, June 30.—The Department of Agriculture today issued the following practical suggestions in regard to keeping food and drink in hot weather, with a view to helping the public to avoid sickness from eating spoiled articles of diet:

"While people should be careful about the condition of the food they eat at all seasons of the year, they should be particularly watchful during the summer months. In hot weather, bacteria multiply far more rapidly than in cold weather and produce chemical changes in some foods which greatly lessen their nutritive value and often make the unfit for human consumption. Unfortunately, there is no quick, absolute, simple, practical way of determining the presence of hurtful baccili in foods, or of obtaining positive evidence of the existence of ptomaines. The average family does not have the delicate apparatus needed for these tests, nor the skill to detect these micro-organisms.

Watch the Food.

"The housewife will find eyes and nose the safest practical detectives of bad food in hot weather. If any article has any suspicion of an unusual odor or looks abnormal, it should be avoided. People eating in doubtful restaurants should be particularly careful about meats or fish cooked with a highly spiced or aromatic sauce which might disguise a bad taste or warning odor. Only sweet smelling, clean food should be eaten. Spotted, green, slimy, or frothy raw meat, or meat which is soft in spots also should be regarded with suspicion. Taste, of course, is a supplementary test, but one to be used after eyes, nose, and fingers. A mother before she allows her child to eat anything, should examine it carefully in a good light, smell it and finally taste it.

"Milk particularly deteriorates rapidly under summer heat, especially if it already contains bacteria. Housewives, therefore, should see to it that their milk after being left by the milkman does not stand for any length of time on a hot back porch or stoop before it is put in the ice box. Milk bottles should be kept closed, both in the ice box and out of it. If there is any doubt as to the excellence of the local milk supply, pasteurize all milk.

"All foods should be kept covered or wrapped, and always out of the reach of flies, which are deadly carriers of typhoid. All vessels, pitchers, etc., in which food is to be stored should first be scalded. Food should be handled as little as possible. The ice box, especially its drain pipe, should be cleaned thoroughly and frequently with boiling water and washing soda, and given an occasional airing. A persistent battle should be waged against flies in all parts of the home.

"Uncooked foods as a general proposition should be avoided. Children should not be allowed to eat the skins of fruits, especially fruits which have been exposed to flies or street dirt or unscreened stands or push-carts.

"Those who go away for vacation should not get the idea that everything in a summer resort or strange city is necessarily pure and wholesome. The danger of typhoid fever in country resorts is very great. Many of the cases of typhoid fever recorded in the fall in cities where the water is pure had their origin in water or contaminated substances drunk or eaten at some summer resort. Insist on boiled water. If you absolutely cannot get boiled water, make very sure about the reptuation of springs, wells, or tap water. Refuse absolutely to take any water that comes from a source near an outhouse or stable, or in a neighborhood where fever is at all prevalent.

Boiled Water Palatable.

"Boiled water can be made just as palatable as unboiled water. The flat taste which boiled water has soon after it has been boiled is due to the fact that boiling drives out of it the air which it held in solution. If the water after boiling is put in scalded shallow open pans and allowed to stand for 24 hours where flies or dirt cannot get at it, it will regain its air and have its usual taste restored by the second day.

"Finally it is particularly important in summer that people should not be misled into believing that the label 'Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act' on cans and packages means that the government has tested these foods and pronounced them pure and desirable. The government does not make the guarantee. The guarantee is made wholly by the manufacturer, and means no more than when your own corner grocer guarantees that the sugar he weighs out for you is all right. Examine goods labeled "guaranteed" just as carefully as any other kind."

No man is Stronger Than his Stomach

The Medical Adviser by R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y. answers hosts of delicate questions about which every man or woman, single or married ought to know. Sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay for wrapping and mailing.

LET the greatest athlete have dyspepsia and his strength will soon fail. One's stamina—forcefullness and strength of mind or muscle depend upon the blood, and the blood in turn, requires a healthy stomach, *for* the stomach is the laboratory where the food is digested and such elements are taken up—or assimilated—which *make blood.* In consequence all the organs of the body, such as heart, lungs, liver and kidneys, as well as the nervous system, feel the bad effect if the stomach is deranged.

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PHILIP STEELE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

it, low and suppressed made him turn so quickly that by a clumsy twist of his fingers the lamp was extinguished. He lighted it again and faced the doctor. McGill was upon his knees, terribly pale.

"Good heaven!" he gasped. "What's the matter?"

Nothing, nothing, Phil—it was he! He let it out of him so unexpectedly that it startled me."

"I thought it was your voice," said Philip.

"No, no, it was his. See, he is returning to consciousness."

The wounded man's eyes opened slowly, and closed again. He heaved a great sigh and stretched out his arms as if about to awaken from a deep slumber. The doctor sprang to his feet.

"We must have ice, Phil—finely chopped ice from the creek down there. Will you take the ax and those two pails and bring back both pails full? No hurry, but we'll need it within an hour."

Philip bundled himself in his coat and went out with the ax and pails.

"Ice!" he muttered to himself. "Now what can he want of ice?"

He dug down through three feet of snow and chopped for half an hour. When he returned to the cabin the wounded man was bolstered up in bed, and the doctor was pacing back and forth across the room, evidently worked to a high pitch of excitement.

"Murder — robbery — outrage! Right under our noses, that's what it was;" he cried. "Pierre Thoreau is dead—killed by the scoundrels who left this man for dead beside him! They set upon them late yesterday afternoon as Pierre and his partner were coming home, intending to kill them for their outfit. The murderers, who are a breed and a white trapper, have probably gone to their shack half a dozen miles up the creek. Now, Mr. Philip Steele, here's a little work for you!"

MacGregor himself had never stirred Philip Steel's blood as did the doctor's unexpected words, but the two men watching him saw nothing unusual in their effect. He set down his ice and coolly took off his coat, then advanced to the side of the wounded man.

"I'm glad you're better," he said, looking down into the other's strong, pale face. "It was a pretty close shave. Guess you were a little out of your head, weren't you?"

For an instant the man's eyes shifted past Philip to where the doctor was standing.

"Yes—I must have been. He says; I was calling for Pierre, and Pierre was dead. I left him ten miles back there in the snow." He closed his eyes with a groan of pain and continued, after a moment, "Pierre and I have been trapping foxes. We were coming back with supplies to last us until late spring when—it happened. The white man's name is Dobson, and there's a breed with him. Their shack is six or seven miles up the creek."

Philip saw the doctor examining a revolver which he had taken from the pocket of his big coat. He came over to the bunkside with it in his hand.

"That's enough, Phil," he said softly. "He must not talk any more for an hour or two or we'll have him in a fever. Get on your coat. I'm going with you."

"I'm going alone," said Phil shortly. "You attend to your patient." He drank a cup of coffee, ate a piece of toasted bannock, and with the first gray breaking of dawn started up the creek on a pair of Pierre's snow-shoes. The doctor followed him to the creek and watched him until he was out of sight.

The wounded man was sitting on the edge of the cot when McGill re-entered the cabin. His exertion had brought a flush of color back into his face, which lighted up with a smile as the other came through the door.

"It was a close shave, thanks to you," he said, repeating Philip's words.

"Just so," replied the doctor. He had placed a brace of short bulldog revolvers on the table and offered one of them now to his companion. "The shaving isn't over yet, Falkner."

They ate breakfast, each with a gun beside his tin plate. Now and then the doctor interrupted his meal to go to the door and peer over the broadening vista of the barrens. They had nearly finished when he came back from one of these observations, his lips set a little tighter, a barely perceptible tremor in his voice when he spoke.

"They're coming, Falkner!"

They picked up their revolvers and the doctor buttoned his coat tight up about his neck. For ten minutes they sat silent and listening. Not until the crunching beat of snowshoes came to their ears did the doctor move. Thursting his weapon into his coat pocket, he went to the door. Falkner followed him, and stood well out of sight when he opened it. Two men and a dog team were crossing the opening. McGill's dogs were fastened under a brush lean-to built against the cabin, and as the rival team of huskies began filling the air with their clamor for a fight, the stranger team halted and one of the two men came forward alone. He stopped with some astonishment before the aristocratic looking little man waiting for him in Pierre's doorway.

"Is Pierre Thoreau at home?" he demanded.

"Im a stranger here, so I cannot say," replied the doctor, inspecting the questioner with marked coolness. "It is possible, however, that he is—for I picked up a man half dead out in the snow last night, and I'm waiting for him to come back to life. A smooth-faced, blond fellow, with a cut on his head. It may be this Pierre Thoreau."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the man kicked off his snowshoes and with an excited wave of his arm to his companion with the dogs, almost ran past the doctor.

"It's him—the man I want to see!" he cried in a low voice. "My name's Dobson, of the—"

What more he had meant to say was never finished. Falkner's powerful arms had gripped his head and throat in a vise-like clutch from which no smother of sound escaped, and three or four minutes later, when the second man came through the door, he found his comrade flat on his back, bound and gagged, and the shining muzzles of two short and murderous looking revolvers leveled at his breast. He was a swarthy breed, scarcely larger than the doctor himself, and his only remonstrance as his hands were fastened behind his back was a brief outburst of very bad and very excited French which the professor stopped with a threatening flourish of his gun.

"You'll do," he said, standing on to survey his prisoner. "I believe you're harmless enough to have the use of your legs and mouth." With a comic bow the little doctor added, "M'sieur, I'm going to ask you to drive us back to Fort Smith, and if you so much as look the wrong way out of your eyes I'll blow off your head. You and your friend are to answer for the killing of Pierre Thoreau and for the atempted murder of this young man, who will follow us to Fort Smith to testify against you."

It was evident that the half-breed did not understand, and the doctor added a few explanatory words in French. The man on the floor groaned and struggled until he was red in the face.

"Easy, easy," soothed the doctor. "I appreciate the fact that it is pretty touch luck, Dobson, but you'll have to take your medicine. Falkner, if you'll lend a hand in getting me off I won't lose much time in starting for Fort Smith."

It was a strange looking outfit that set out from Pierre Thoreau's cabin half an hour later. Ahead of the team which had come that morning walked the breed, his left arm bound to his side with a babiche thong. On the sledge behind him lay an inanimate and blanket-wrapped bundle, which was Dobson; and close at the rear of the sledge, stripped of his great coat and more than ever like a diminutive drum major, followed Dudley McGill, professor of neurolory and diseases of the brain, with a bull dog revolver in his mittened hand.

From the door Falkner watched them go.

Six hours later Philip returned from the east. Falkner saw him coming up from the creek and went to meet him.

'I found the cabin, but no one was there," said Philip. "It has been deserted for a long time. No tracks in the snow, everything inside frozen stiff, and what signs I did find were of a woman!"

The muscles of Falkner's face gave a sudden twitch. "A woman!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, a woman," repeated Philip, "and there was a photograph of her on a table in the bedroom. Did this Dobson have a wife?"

Falkner had fallen a step behind him as they entered the cabin.

"A long time ago—a woman was there," he said. "She was a young woman, and—and almost beautiful. But she wasn't his wife."

"She was pretty," replied Philip, "so pretty that I brought her picture along for my collection at home" He looked about for McGill. "Where's the doctor?"

Falkner's face was very white as he explained what happened during the other's absence.

"He said that he would camp early this afternoon so that you could overtake them," he finished after he had described the capture and the doctor's departure. "The doctor thought you would want to lose no time in getting the prisoners to Fort Smith, and that he could get a good start before night. Tomorrow or the next day I am going to follow with the other team. I'd go with you if he hadn't commanded me to remain here and nurse my head for another 24 hours."

Philip shrugged his shoulders, and the two had little to say as they ate their dinners. After an hour's rest he prepared a light pack and took up the doctor's trail. Inwardly he rankled at the unusual hand which the little professor was playing in leaving Pierre's cabin with the prisoners, and yet he was confident that McGill would wait for him. Mile after mile he traveled down the creek. At dusk there was no sign of his new friend. Just before dark he climbed a dead stub at the summit of a high ridge and half a dozen miles of the unbroken barren stretched out before his eyes. At six o'clock he stopped to cook some tea and warm his meat and bannock. After that he traveled until ten, then built a big fire and gave up the pursuit until morning. At dawn he started again, and not until the forenoon was half gone did he find where the doctor had stopped to camp.

The ashes of his fire were still warm beneath and the snow was trampled hard around them. In the north the clouds were piling up, betokening a storm such as it was not well for a man in Philip's condition of fatigue to face. Already some flavor of the approaching blizzard was carried to him on the wind.

So he hurried on. Fortunately the storm died away after an hour or two of fierce wind. Still he did not come up with McGill, and he camped again for the night, cursing the little professor who was racing on ahead of him.

It was noon of the following day when he came in sight of the few log cabins at Fort Smith, situated in a treeless and snow-smothered sweep of the plain on the other side of the Slave. He crossed the river and hurried past the row of buildings that led to post headquaters. In front of the company office were gathered a little crowd of men, women and children. He pushed his way through and stopped at the bottom of the three log steps which led up to the door.

At the top was Prof. McGill, coming out. His face was a puzzle. His eyes had in them a stony glare as he gazed down at Philip. Then he descended slowly, like one moving in a dream.

"Good Heavens," he said huskily, and only for Philip's ears, "do you know what I've done, Phil?"

"What?" demanded Philip.

The doctor came down to the last step.

"Phil," he whispered, "that fellow we found with a broken head played a nice game on me. He was a criminal, and I've brought back to Fort Smith no less person than the man sent out to arrest him, Corporal Dabson, of the Mounted Police, and his driver, Francois Something-or-Other. Heavens, ain't it funny?"

That same afternoon Corporal Dobson and the half-breed set out again in quest of Falkner, and this time they were accompanied by Pierre Thoreau, who learned for the first time what had happened in his cabin. The doctor disappeared for the rest of the day, but early the next morning he hunted Phil up and took him to a cabin half a mile down the river. A team of powerful dogs, an unusually large sledge and two Indians were at the door.

"I bought 'em last night," explained the doctor, "and we're going to leave for the south today."

"Giving up your hunt?" asked Philip.

"No, it's ended," replied McGill in a matter-of-fact way. "It ended at Pierre Thoreau's cabin. Falkner was the third man to work out my experiment."

Philip stopped in his tracks, and the doctor stopped, and turned toward him.

"But the third—" Philip began.

The doctor continued to smile.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Philip," he quoted, "than are dreamed of in your philosophy. This love experiment has turned out wrongly, as far as preconceived theories are concerned, but when I think of the broader, deeper significance of it all I am—pleased is not the word."

"What I can't see—" Philip was stopped by the doctor's lifted hand.

"You see, I am relying on your word of honor, Phil," he explained, laughing softly at the amazement which he saw in the other's face. "It's all so wonderful that I want you to know the end of it, and how happily it has turned out for me—and the little woman waiting for me back home. It was I and not Falkner who cried out just before you turned the lamb-wick down. A letter had fallen from his coat pocket, and it was one of my letters—sent through my agent. Understand? I sent you for the ice, and while you were gone I told him who I was, and he told me why I had never heard from him, and why he was in Pierre Thoreau's cabin. My agent had sent him north with $500 as a first payment. To cut a long story short, he got into a card game in Prince Albert—as the best of us do at times—and as a result became mixed up in a quarrel, in which he pretty nearly killed a man. They've been after him ever since and almost had him when we found him, injured by a blow which he received in an ugly fall earlier in the night. It's the last and total wrecking of my theory."

"But the girl—" urged Philip.

"We're going to see her now, and she will tell you the whole story as she told it to me," said the doctor, as calmly as before. "Ah, but it's wonderful, man—this great, big, human love that fills the world! They two met at Nelson House, as I had planned they should, and four months after that they smashed my theory by being married by a missionary from York Factory. I mean that they mashed the bad part of it, Phil—but all three couples proved the other—that there exist no such things as 'soul affinities,' and that two normal people of opposite sexes, if thrown together under certain environment, will as naturally mate as two birds, and will fight and die for one another afterward, too. There may not be one in 10,000 who believes it, but I do—still. At the last moment the man in Falkner triumphed over his love and he told her what he was, that up to the moment he met her he drank and gambled and that for his shooting a man in Prince Albert he would sooner or later get a term in prison. And she? I tell you that she busted my theory to a frazzle! She loved him, as I now believe every woman in the world is capable of loving, and she married him, and stuck to him through thick and thin, fled with him when he was compelled to run—and her faith in him now is like that of a child in its God. For a time they lived in that cabin above Pierre Thoreau's, and perhaps they wouldn't have been found out if they hadn't come up to Fort Smith for a holiday. Falkner told me that his pursuers would surely stop at Pierre's and so we fixed up that little scheme to get rid of you so that you would in no way be to blame for what happened. He told me where I'd find his wife. By this time he has a good start for the States, and will be there by the time I get his wife down."

Philip had not spoken a word. Almost mechanically he pulled the photograph from his pocket.

"And this—" he said.

The doctor laughed as he took the picture from his hand.

"Is Mrs. William Falkner, Phil. Come in. I'm anxious to have you meet her."

To Be Continued.

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SETTLES FIRST TITANIC SUIT

Court Awards $500 to Farmer for Loss of Son.

London, June 26.—The king's bench court today gave judgment in favor of Thomas Ryan, an Irish farmer who brought suit against the White Star Steamship Co. to recover damages for the loss of his son in the Titanic disaster.

The judge awarded Ryan the sum of $500 which had been agreed upon. A similar award was made in two other cases at the same time.

DEATH FROM MOSQUITO BITE

Man Expires From Blood Poisoning Caused by Abscess.

Calgaray, Alberta, June 26. — Fred Thomas Evans was bitten between the eyes by a mosquito a few days ago, an abscess formed within 48 hours, and the young man died yesterday at a hospital from the effects of blood poisoning.

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Hot Weather Advice

Don't try to do two days' work in one when the mercury is registering high in the thermometer. Take a little rest now and then, and while resting think about what Blade advertisements have to say to you.

Every boy likes to spend a part of his school vacation in a cherry tree.

Lots of sensible men belong to legislatures, but too often they are outvoted.

There should be no such thing as tight money during a grape juice administration.

Every man is optimist enough to believe he could adapt himself to a million dollars.

"Extremes meet, but they don't mix," says a philosopher who never saw a dog bite his own tail.

When a woman feels so happy that she wants to kiss somebody she often compromises by crying.

Earrings and bracelets are being advocated for men. And yet the law says we must not carry guns.

The government is paying Speaker Champ Clark's son $4,600 a year for telling daddy what's what.

College degrees don't come to a man until he is old enough to know better than to take them seriously.

One scientist says the sun will cool off entirely in ninety million years. That will be bad for the corn crop.

Mr. Weston, in all his thousands of miles of travel, has never skidded or bumped into an irresistible telephone pole.

The man who goes to bed with a clean mind will get up in pretty good shape to enjoy the oriole's morning song.

Maybe the mosquito that does the singing doesn't do the biting, but it can make any incredulous person dodge.

Uncle Joe Cannon is wrong when he says the women will vote for the handsomest men. They don't marry the handsomest.

Because they are members of the White House family the Wilson girls can attract attention by doing something sensible.

Old Socrates, the philosopher, explained that he married for discipline, and there is no record to show that he was disappointed.

Mrs. Upton Sinclair, whose divorce was brought about because of her romance with a poet, has been remarried in prose.

The man who tries to fool the people and fails is pretty sure to think that Mr. Barnum overestimated the birthrate of suckers.

It occurs to us that the average woman would find life monotonius if she had to live with an ideal man from one year's end to another.

It must be embarrassing to one ball player to be sold for $1,500, while another who isn't half as handsome or as well bred brings $10,000.

President Wilson has not wilted a collar since he assumed the duties of his high office. Which is more than can be said of some of the office hunters.

Women have a greater capacity for happiness than men. Two women can meet in the afternoon and get a lot of sweet comfort by comparing their troubles.

"Should Woman Tell Her Husband Everything?" is a question that is now being discussed. One would think that much depends whether he promises to keep it a secret.

Farmers who are hunting for something original in the way of scarecrows should look over the fashion plates. Pictorial hints from Paris are especially recommended.

Mrs. Marshall, wife of the vice president, made 45 calls in 90 minutes. One pleasure of society seems to be to get through the ordeal of fulfilling obligations with as much haste as possible.

"Operating upon a bad boy's skull to make him walk in the ways of the upright is one of the triumphs of modern surgery," says the Houston Post. Furthermore, it is quite a change from the old-fashioned way of operating upon bad boys.

Dr. Ashberg, chief of the United States bureau of chemistry, advises people to keep their eyes off the thermometer. But there are times when it is quite a comfort to look at the thermometer. We like it best when it registers about 75 in the shade.

GETTYSBURG AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

Among the innumerable controversies which sprinkle the story of Gettysburg like rust pits upon an old sabre's blade, not one of them is more interesting than the question of motives leading to the confederate invasion across the Potomac.

General Longstreet tells how he proposed to General Lee that a force be sent through East Tennessee to join Bragg in an attempt to corner and crush Rosecrans, then one of the great thorns in the side of the confederacy. This, Longstreet thought, would serve the double purpose of getting rid of Rosecrans and compelling Grant to lift the siege of Vicksburg. Lee preferred to organize a campaign into Maryland and Pennsylvania hoping thereby, says Longstreet, "to draw the Federal troops from the southern points they occupied." But was that Lee's chief reason? General John B. Gordon, in his "Reminiscences of the Civil War," published in 1905, offers what is probably a far better explanation of Lee's decision.

General Gordon recites the conditions in the South in the spring of 1863. The fertile valleys of Virginia had been turned into one vast battle field. In filling the ranks of the southern armies the numbers of producers had been reduced alarmingly. The northern soldiers, too, had fed where they could upon the country. Blockade of the ports had shut off supplies of food that might have come from abroad. "We had, therefore, much need of borrowing supplies from our neighbors beyond the Potomac," General Gordon wrote. "The bill of fare of some commands was already very short and by no means appetizing. General Ewell, having exhausted the contents of his larder, thought to replenish it from the surrounding country by a personal raid, and returned after a long and dusty hunt with a venerable ox, which would not have made a morsel, on division, for one per cent of his command. Ewell's ox had on him, however, that peculiar quality of flesh which is essential in feeding an army on short rations. It was durable—irreducible."

The true spur to the invasion, it would seem, was not, as it is usually accepted, the relief of Tennessee and Vicksburg, the chance of taking of Baltimore and perhaps Philadelphia, the benefit obtainable in throwing the war department at Washington into a more than ordinary palsy of fear for itself, or even the recruiting of soldiery in sympathetic Maryland. The spur was the same as that which caused the invasion of the Huns, the raidings of the Visigoths and the piracies of the Vikings. The southern army was hungry.

Never, while two survivors of Gettysburg live and have the breath for argument, will all the controversies of this great battle be settled. And after they have passed on there will be historians bobbing up with fresh evidence to keep the questions and confusions still in question and still as undefinable as a fog. It was the good fortune of the north that the task of manufacturing the bulk of "ifs" was forced upon the enemy. This work has been done more than conscientiously. The world knows today from southern writers, that if Longstreet had attacked early on the morning of the second day he would probably have taken Little Round Top, "the key to the position," with little or no resistance, that had the Federals delayed entrenching the high ground the night of the first day, or had the Confederates attacked the wearied trench diggers that night, the story might have been different, that had Stonewall Jackson been there, instead of in his grave, or had Lee been closer to the scene of action, the Confederate invasion had probably proceeded, or had Pickett's men not stopped to cheer when they mistook the silence of the Federal artillery for a rout, the charge might have caught the Federals in the midst of swinging cool guns into the place of those heated to scorching. Our own side produced the memorable "if" of Sickles, which purposed weighting Meade with the full responsibility for the enormous losses. This, perhaps, was quite enough to balance the many, though smaller, suppositions of the southerners.

Fifty years have taken the bitterness and the sting from these controversies as they have wiped the slate clean of the wild hatreds of those terrible July days of '63. Even the gray and stooped men who camp upon the field of Gettysburg this week can look upon them almost with amusement, as excuses that men make who lose or words that men speak when anger smothers, the sense of reasonableness. It is the unhappy business of history, however, to hold tight to the record of these quarrels, in the end that men may understand how great things hinge upon small and how insignificant, after all, is men's power in the presence of circumstance.

JUSTICE FOR EVERYONE.

Congress for two sessions has been convinced that labor unions and farmers' organizations should be held exempt from prosecutions under the Sherman anti-trust law. President Taft believed so firmly in the justice and the efficiency of the Sherman act that he vetoed the measure containing the exemptions. President Wilson, feeling much the same way as his predecessor, but yet seeing other ways by which the unions and the farmers' associations could be prosecuted if the government felt moved to do so, signed the bill with the comment that it was "unjustifiable in character and principle."

It is right that the opinions of congress, where so plainly indicated, should prevail. Congress is chosen to make laws and to vote according to its convictions. But the duty of congress does not end with exempting only the labor unions and the farmers' organizations from prosecution. There are surely other people and other institutions upon which the anti-trust laws weigh as heavily and oppressively.

The senators and representatives ought to make an investigation of the workings of the anti-trust laws, discover wherein they are unjust, wherein they halt progress, wherein prosecutions under them are mere waste of time and precious money. At the end of such an inquiry, they would probably have a list, as long as a man's arm, of industries, trade associations, co-operative institutions and individuals which also should be exempted.

Citizens who find that the anti-trust law works injustice in their case should lose no time in presenting their claims to exemptions before their congressmen. A precedent has been set.

CORPORATION FARMING.

A writer in one of the financial periodicals makes out a very pleasant picture for farming on the joint stock plan of doing business. He recites a number of well known facts about the backwardness of agriculture in taking up with modern science and the improved methods of industrial organization. He would have these things remedied by promoting companies to farm upon a huge scale, to market their products, as a factory markets its output, through special selling organizations and to re-arrange the whole scheme of agricultural production. He closes with a description of the farm-worker's lot:

> And as the great army of commuters, rising up early and chasing the train for a ride to the city, leaves the fields and birds and the country for the day, so the new type of farm laborer will hie him from the town betimes in the morning, brush the dew from the clover, follow the furrow and rake in the harvest. And at night, sated with honest toil, he will come home to the electric light, the jangle of the trolley bell, the restful delights of the vaudeville theatre and the moving picture show.

We can see where it would be a very excellent thing to capitalize agriculture according to the schemes pursued in other industries. By that means mountain sides, now worked a few years until the rains wash the soil away, would be put at their more proper service of raising fruit or forest tees. Thin-soiled districts could be cared for and treated and nursed along until they were in the best of condition before being made to produce food for human beings and for cattle. Swamps could be drained. Sections which have fallen under blights of debt, become cursed with the one-crop idea and reduced to the margin of perpetual poverty through one thing or another could be rescued and put upon a flourishing plane.

But there is a flaw in the scheme. It would mean, if universally applied, the passing of the rural independence which has been the strength and the bulwark of the nation. It would mean only a new phase of that old-world landlordism it has taken a half-century of legislation in Britain to make even a beginning of getting the better of. tI would mean that instead of farmers as we understand them now we would have armies and armies of farm laborers. The change could only mean a less of national qualities far too valuable to be sacrificed even if the production of every acre was increased and the costs of living were reduced.

THE RIGHT TO REGULATE.

The principle upon which the supreme court of the United States acted in its recent rate decisions is that the several states have a right to regulate railroad traffic so long as congress does not exercise its own constitutional right to do it.

Therefore, it is perfectly legal that New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois should each have a set of regulations for the government of one and the same railroad—that this railroad should be compelled to charge a lower passenger rate in one state than it is permitted to charge in the other states, that it should have to carry a larger crew upon trains in one state than it does in the others, that it must make reports of quite separate and distinct character to the government of each of these states and that it should be worried to distraction as to what new confusions its business will fall into whenever the legislatures of these states get into working action.

The lesson is plain enough, even for the blindest of state rights advocates to see. Congress ought to lose no time in making use of its power to do all the controlling and regulating of railroads that have to be done.

A RULING ON WHARVES.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has laid down this broad principle:

> "Wharves and the tracks leading thereto, owned by a rail carrier engaged in interstate commerce and used for received and delivering property moving by rail in interstate and foreign commerce, are subject to the act to regulate commerce, and the regulations and practices affecting their use must be reasonable and non-discriminatory."

Through control of waterfront rights, railroads have had the means to exercise tyranny of a particularly oppressive sort. Upon the Pacific coast, the railway companies have been charged with the buying up of wharf rights and wharf sites for the purpose of offsetting the competition that is to come through the Panama canal. In the case which led the Interstate Commerce Commission to promulgate a rule, one railroad put barriers in the way of shipping which threatened to stunt the commercial growth of a gulf port.

The value of the commission ruling will be appreciated not only by ports which have suffered under railroad autocracy, but also by such ports as Toledo, which several months ago glimpsed the future possibility of exactions through the passing of waterfront property to railroad ownership. If the ruling holds good in the highest courts, one of the worst phases of a selfish industrial expansion on one hand and a careless easy-going municipal policy on the other will have been wiped out.

THE STOCK MARKET VANES.

An interesting contrast is shown in the figures of building operations of 140 cities, compiled by the Commercial and Financial Chronicle. In 139 of the cities, the disbursements made for construction, or arranged for, in the last five months of the year amounted to $317,108,825. This is an increase of about twenty millions over last year and of more than forty millions over 1911.

But in New York—the city excepted—the building operations of this year fall twenty-nine million dollars short of 1912 and about seven millions short of 1911.

There may be local causes which have brought about the depression in the building trade in New York City. But we suspect that the cause can be traced to one simple source—the influence of the stock market. New York reads the state of business in the country according as the stock exchanges are happy and buoyant or are feverish and hysterical. By this meter there is little warrant today for ventures in any enterprise. It calls for caution on the part of investors, for an attitude of unfriendliness on the part of finance when its help is asked.

But—as the figures show—the rest of the country is in no such fit of the dumps as New York city. It may be that New York reads the signs right, the country at large reads them wrong. It will be interesting to watch how events turn out. It will prove of value, too. For as the future discloses, one may learn whether or not the vanes of the stock market swing true to the winds of the country's business.

THE AIRSHIP HOLDS ON.

The airship is not to be abandoned for the aeroplane if the Germans can help it. They were the first to make the balloon something more than a gas-bag at the mercy of the wind. And in spite of the development of the flying machine and the high favor it has won in other countries, Germany keeps on experimenting with the engine-driven balloon and getting more and more promise of service from it.

According to the New York Sun, one of the new German airships has been able to go 1,500 miles from the base of supplies and to make a speed of fifty miles an hour. Another has been kept aloft for fifteen hours and maintained a speed of forty-six miles an hour. A third has cruised over the North Sea and taken on fuel from a steamship which was hove to for the purpose. "It is stoutly asserted," says the Sun, "that the very latest Zeppelin ships can remain in the air for four days."

When aerial navigation is become a commonplace, and not merely a very hazardous sport and exhibition "stunt," we are very likely to see the great and stately airships driving through cloudland almost as frequently as we shall see the mechanical dragon-flies. They will serve their special purpose.

SUCH IGNORANCE.

A southwestern trapper, who claims an old comradeship with Kit Carson, has broken into the newspapers with a description of an animal he has lately come upon.

This creature, he says, has large and fiery eyes. It has a long nose, a long tongue and its ears are covered with little scales. Upon its four feet are claws so arranged that if you see its track, you cannot tell whether it is coming or going. The really remarkable thing about the fellow, according to the trapper, is that it has long legs on one side and short on the other, enabling it to live and hunt its prey upon the steep mountainsides if it keep to one direction.

Any school boy will recognize in this description the common side-hill creeper of the Appalachian range. He could tell that ignorant southwestern pelt hunter what he probably doesn't know—that the side-hill creeper, for all its fierce aspect, is very easily pursued and captured. All that has to be done is to get in the rear of the animal and tease him with a pitchfork. Driven desperate, the side-hiller will finally turn around and, of course, he is immediately made helpless, the long legs of the up-hill side causing him to tumble over upon his back.

It is astonishing what little everyday information some men are lacking in who, as a matter of business, ought to be posted. We'd be willing to wager that the comrade of Kit Carson doesn't know any thing about the swamp-sogger and has never met up with the sweet singing yaw-yaw.

THE SLOWLY LEARNED LESSON.

It was not to be expected that the Moros, whose profession, if they have any, is that of fighting, would submit without active protest to the calming civilization of their American overseers. It would have meant not only convincing the Moros of the beneficiences of peaceful tillage of the soil, of loading and unloading the trade steamers and learning at school that Jolo is only a small part of the world, but convincing them as well of the savagery and cruelty of head-hunting.

The islanders will come to look at things as we would have them look. But the process will be slow. It will be only after many a young fellow, just come to realization of the strength of his arm and the flaming desire for manslaughter in his heart, has had to match his passion against the rifles of the constabulary and has failed.

Sunday School

WHEN THE CRADLE CONFOUNDS STATECRAFT

The International Sunday School Lesson for July 6 Is, "The Child Moses Saved From Death."—Ex. 1:8-14; 22 to 2:10.

(By William T. Ellis.)

One sure sign that the world is growing wiser is its return to the great simplicities. We are understanding afresh that the elemental things really govern life. The science of government is not a mysterious thing; the daily newspapers are interpreting it for us in terms of the common welfare and of every day righteousness. Diplomacy, once looked upon as a subtle, sinuous art, possible only to astutest men of special training, is now seen to be but the frank interpretation of one nation to another, and the promotion of mutual good will and helpfulness. While the sticklers for red tape were cynically pointing out that James Bryce was not a trained diplomatist, he quietly went on his way with a message of good will, accomplishing a work of diplomacy such as none of the specialists who had preceded him had ever begun to approach.

While statesmen have figured how to out-maneuver each other in Europe, the new-school political economist rises and points out that Germany's superiority over France is inevitable, simply because Germany has a far higher birth rate than France. The Balkan war set us studying statistics as to the relative power of the Slav and the Teuton. The sceptre of the future is in the hand that holds the rattle today. The destiny of nations is, when the last word is spoken, a matter of the birth-rate and of child-training.

This profound principle a multitude of persons are glimpsing as they enter upon child welfare work. They follow the example of the only Teacher who set a child in the midst. We are witnessing a marvelous modern expression of the gospel impulse toward the sanctity of the child. Unsentimental economists are learning today that for a nation babies are better than bonds; a low death rate for children is more desirable than high interest rate for money; that boys and girls pay better than stock dividends. A community with healthy infants is more potent than one with a great political organization. School houses are a better investment than office buildings, not to mention the way they supersede almshouses and jails. The child, our newly anointed eyes perceive, is the deliverer of the nation.

The New Politics.

The sound political wisdom of all this is apparent to the ordinary man. We are beginning to understand the relationship to real patriotism of all the beautiful modern movements for the welfare of children. We see that from the baby-saving show to the new teachings in pedagogy, we are engaged in a glorious conspiracy to make a better nation.

We are putting the teacher in a higher place than the law-maker. The father of a family is seen to be of more importance than the political "worker" who gets out votes on election day. Even the bat-blind politicians are groping toward an understanding of the truth that the day school and the Sunday school and the playground are factors in the national welfare.

The child Moses, studied this week by the Sunday schools of the world, is concentrating immeasurable attention upon this great principle of the primacy of child welfare. It is an appropriate coincidence that in the week of this lesson there should be met in Zurich the World's Sunday School Convention, representing 30,000,000 members, out of every nation under heaven. It seems an altogether reasonable thing that approximately 2,000 persons should have traveled from North America to Switzerland to consider the religious training of the child. This is constructive statesmanship. It concerns the making of character, and character alone makes nations.

Taught by the Child.

One of the most beautiful of the immortal tales of human life is this story of the child Moses. It is eternally contemporaneous. The centuries make no difference. The babe in the little boat of bulrushes, confided carefully to the flags along the river bank, is as real as the child we fondled in our arms an hour ago. The inspired story makes the beloved baby, doomed by cruel decree to death, as real a child as any read about in today's newspaper.

The parents saw that Moses was "a goodly child"—as if any baby ever looked otherwise to the fond eyes of its parents! The preciousness of the baby, which has stoutened the hearts of millions of fathers and given strength and inventiveness to countless mothers, shines out in this story. The resourcefulness of these slave parents in endeavoring to save the life of their baby does not cause us to marvel. All of the great lessons of life are learned at the cradle. The greatest incentive to thrift in the world today is the prospective welfare of children. A baby is a higher education.

A Deathless Story.

When it comes to telling a story with matchless simplicity and dignity, and power to write itself upon the memory, there is no language like Scripture. Here is the lesson story as the inspired pen wrote it:

"And Pharaoh charged all his people, saying, Every son that is born ye shall cast into the river, and every daughter ye shall save alive.

"And there went a man of the house of Levi, and took to wife a daughter of Levi. And the woman conceived, and bare a son: and when she saw him that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months. And when she could not longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes and daubed it with slime and pitch; and she put the child therein, and laid it in the flags by the river's brink. And his sister stood afar off, to know what would be done to him. And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to bathe at the river; and her maidens walked along by the riverside; and she saw the ark among the flags, and sent her handmaid to fetch it. And she opened it, and saw the child: and behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children. Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, Shall I go and call thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee? And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages. And the woman took the child, and nursed it."

Enter the Princess.

It was the usage of Egyptian women, even as it is today of the women along the Ganges and the Tigris, to bathe at stated places. The mother of Moses chose, with the cunning of love, the spot known to everybody as the scene of the ceremonial ablutions of Pharaoh's daughter. The plot was perfectly transparent, and the princess saw through it, but condoned it none the less. She doubtless well understood when she rescued the Hebrew babe why it had been put there, and the relationship of the little girl, Miriam, to it, and the motherhood of the nurse secured for it.

Superficially, women do not get along as well together as do men, but in the depths of life women find themselves closer kin. There never was a good woman appealed to in vain by the cry of a baby. This is the prehistoric language which stirs the elemental abysses of a woman's nature. When the feeble cry of the babe Moses came to her ears, Pharaoh's daughter was not a princess, but just a woman with the ageless hunger for a child in her heart.

First in a royal line of historymakers, was this daughter of wealth and power who exercised the privilege of using her capacity for service. We can name a host of splendidly endowed young women in our own land and time who follow in the train of Pharaoh's daughter. The opportunity to give a child his chance, which lies before every woman of wealth, staggers the imagination.

What leaders of men, what musicians, and artists, and writers have been lost to the world because there was no Pharaoh's daughter near to do a service which is nobler than leading an army! A few days ago I saw at a college graduation a young woman stenographer who was glowing with pride because a younger relative whom she had educated was in the graduating class. That experience of service had lifted her life up to the vicarious level, making beautiful and glorious all the drudgery of office work. She wore the purple of Pharaoh's daughter.

What a Palace Cannot Do.

The factors that entered into this great story should be kept in their relative position. The princess saved the life of Moses and insured his being educated in all the learning of the Egyptians. But it was not in this school that he gained the impulse and the equipment which made him the deliverer of his nation. It was the religion learned at his mother's knee, the stories of the patriarchs, the tales of bondage, and the promises to Abraham, which filled the youthful imagination with purposes to be fulfilled in maturity.

Every student of the story should stand steadfast, with clear judgment here. It is faith which forms character. Higher than the so-called "higher education" is the lesson of faith in God and of obligation to serve the world in highest ways. The colleges will furnish the world leaders in many walks of life, but the great emancipators of their kind from the ever-developing new thraldoms of life will have to come out of the ranks of the common people. The family is the nursery of the great. The ideals which make history are learned nowhere so clearly as in the home-taught Bible. The restoration of domestic religion in America is a crying political need of the hour. None of the laws of amelioration, so plentifully written of late on the statute books, is as important to our land as Christian nurture in the home.

SONG OPENED PRISON DOORS

Advising Change in Occupation, Discharged a Truck Driver.

Washington Post.

New York—A tenor solo, sung in a prison cell here, won liberty for Nathan Kopaa, a truck driver, after he had been arrested for violating the city's traffic rules.

The song, an operatic air, was so well sung that Magistrate Appleton, in whose court room the melody was heard, halted the trial of cases until the singer had finished. He directed that Kopaa be brought before him.

"I would like to sing all the time," said Koppa. "I sing all day on the wagon, and it always makes me happy."

Kopaa is 18 years old. In discharging him the judge advised that he try to earn his living by singing.

A Poem Worth While

School in the Garden.

The pansies in the primary class
Sat down in docile rows,
Their eager faces all upturned
In sweet, attentive pose.

The wind stopped low to tell them
Their ancient ancestry.
The bee was private tutor
In field geography.

The butterfly taught manners,
The lily showed them grace,
The showers gave gymnastics
And sponged each velvet face.

So apt the little pupils!
But the lesson they learned best
Was cheerfulness—a robin skilled
Lectured from his nest.

—Mary Willard Keyes.

Bees in Cities.

Suburban Life Magazine.

There is not a city in America without its bees, to say nothing of the towns. Of course, in New York, Chicago or Philadelphia they would hardly be successful in the central, or congested districts, nor would they be appropriate in such localities; but they can be located anywhere within two miles of the open country or suburban districts, which offer growths of weeds, wild plants or crops of any kind which produce flowers. In this connection, I might remark that it is very seldom that anyone except a beekeeper ever realizes the immense quantity of flowering plants, usually the so-called "weeds," that may be found in vacant lots, hillsides and ravines in the average American city. Bees will travel two, three, or perhaps, four miles in their search for nectar.

Three Lives in Four Centuries

New York World.

It is not often that the span of three lives stretches into four centuries, but Mrs. Martha Lawrence, who recently died in Warren County, Ky., was the granddaughter of a man who was born in 1694. Moreover, her father was the first white child born in Kentucky.

Michael Goodnight (probably Gutnacht in the original German), born in Germany in 1694, emigrated to Virginia in 1708. He married early, and one of his sons was present with George Washington and Daniel Boone at Braddock's defeat. He removed subsequently to North Carolina, where he became many years later an ardent supporter of the Revolution, in which several of his sons fought. His first wife dying, he remarried in his old age. When he was past 80 he penetrated the Kentucky wilderness on an exploring expedition with 30 men under the celebrated borderer James Harrod. He returned to North Carolina for his family, intending to bring them to Harrodsburg, which others of the party had chosen as the site for the first settlement in Kentucky.

But when they were within a day's journey of the fort they were attacked by Indians at midnight of Sept. 1, 1775. Michael Goodnight and most of the party were killed, but some escaped in the darkness. Among them was Mrs. Goodnight, whom men from the fort found two days later lying unconscious in the woods.

Four months later a son, the first white native of Kentucky, was born to Mrs. Goodnight at Harrodsburg, and was named Isaac. He was of great vigor and courage, and while yet a boy he became one of the most famous Indian fighters in Kentucky. He lived to be 93 years old, surviving the civil war four years (although an elder brother had fought in the French and Indian war more than a century earlier), was married five times and became the father of 21 children. His last surviving child, Mrs. Lawrence, who has just died, was 78 years old, and left several great-grandchildren.

The fifth wife of Isaac Goodnight, the man who was born the year the cannon were thundering at Bunker Hill, has been dead only a few years. One descendant of his recently represented the Third Congressional District of Kentucky i nthe lower house of congress, and many others are of prominence in their native state.

It is a singular fact that the grandfather of an American woman who has just died was born when Mary and Dutch William were on the throne of England, when Louis XIV. reigned in France and the battle of Blenheim was not yet fought.

Stories of Famous Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune.

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN, by Walter Scott.

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EFFIE DEANS was the pretty, weak-willed daughter of a Scotch peasant. Her half-sister, Jeanie, was less beautiful but far stronger in soul and character. Effie loved and was loved by George Staunton, the dissolute son of an old clergyman. Jeanie was engaged to another clergyman, Reuben Butler.

George had had a love affair with Madge Wildfire, a half crazed gypsy woman who bitterly resented his affection for Effie. And when the young lover was arrested on a charge of smuggling and was confined in prison, Madge sought vengeance by causing Effie's arrest on a false charge of murder.

The testimony against the luckless Effie was terribly strong. George was not at hand to defend her. The more she protested her innocence the more were her judges convinced of her guilt. And she was condemned to death.

Jeanie had from the first declared that Effie was not guilty. Because of her half-sister's misfortune she had even parted with devoted Reuben Butler.

Now she resolved to make one supreme effort to save Effie by going in person to London and entreating King George II. to grant the victim a pardon.

Jeanie had no money. She was forced to make the tedious journey from Edinburgh to London on foot, helped out only once or twice by a free ride for a mile or two in a passing cart.

The roads were bad, and were infested with evil characters. The task of making so long and so perilous a pilgrimage on foot and without funds was enough to daunt the bravest. Yet Jeanie Deans unflinchingly set forth, forcing herself to walk as rapidly as possible, in the hope of reaching her destination and of returning again before the time set for her sister's execution. Thirty miles a day she traveled; heedless of weather

The tale of this journey to London is one of ceaseless hardships, peril and grievous adventure. But at last the gallant girl arrived in safety.

She sought out the Duke of Argyll, who was so touched by her story that he went to Queen Caroline to intercede in her behalf.

He even induced the rather cranky and argumentative old queen to grant Jeanie an interview.

"Oh, madam!" cried Jeanie, on her knees before Caroline. "If ever you knew what it was to suffer for, and with, a sinning and a suffering creature whose mind is so tossed that she can neither be called fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery! Save an honest woman from dishonor and an unhappy girl from a dreadful death!

"When the hour of death comes, oh, my lady, then it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others that we think on most pleasantly. The thought that you have intervened to spare the poor thing's life will be sweet in that hour!"

The queen's icy prejudices melted before the peasant woman's tearful eloquence. She not only secured Effie's pardon but gave Jeanie a present of $250.

Effie was freed. Soon afterward she married George, who, falling heir to a title, became Sir George Staunton. But he and Effie did not live long together to enjoy their newfound rank and wealth.

For a gypsy boy—his own son—murdered Staunton. After her husband's death, Effie retired to a convent, where she spent her last days in prayer and fasting.

Jeanie, her mighty task accomplished and her sister's life saved, felt that all obstacles to her union with Reuben Butler, were at last swept away. So she and Reuben were married.

"Happy in each other, in the prosperity of their family and the love and honor of all who knew them, this simple pair lived beloved and died lamented."

VARIETIES

Japan has nearly 50,000,000 people.

Illinois leads in the amount of internal revenue receipts.

Australia has 923,459 occupied dwelling houses.

South African creameries produce 8,000,000 pounds of butter yearly.

Vera Cruz, Mexico, is using great quantities of rat traps because of the bubonic plague scare.

Atlanta, Ga., has installed a new water works pump capable of pumping 10,000,000 gallons an hour.

Eighty-six per cent of the factories in Switzerland use electricity as motive power.

A folding metal seat, which will grip any size window sill, has been invented for window washers' use.

The Mississippi river is 3,160 miles long, and the Missouri, which empties into it, is 3,100 miles long.

Several piers, 1,000 feet in length, will be constructed at the Atlantic end of the Panama canal.

Germany uses 118,000 tons of American lubricating oils annually. Its total consumption of such oils reaches 280,000 tons.

Russia leads the world in the production of flax fiber and Argentina in the production of seed.

Apple growers in the state of Washington are planning to sell their crops in Colombo, Singapore, Calcutta and Hong Kong.

The Chinese government has engaged a French expert to establish a military aviation school with 12 aeroplanes of three types.

Telephone connection between cities on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the United States is promised before the end of the year.

Waters of Lower California produce lobsters, and many tons of crustaceans were shipped to the United States last season.

More than a million bricks were used in Greater New York last year, most of which came from brickyards along the Hudson River.

In an endeavor to cure deep-seated diseases, French physicians tre experimenting with injecting solutions of radium into the human body.

According to the United States government experts, raisin seeds can be made to yield a clear syrup, an oil useful in paint and soap making, a tannin extract and a meal for feeding stock.

Statistics which have been published in the Orvosi Hetilap assert that the number of medical men in the whole of Europe amounts to about 100,000.

German beer is steadily increasing its favor among the peasantry in southern Russia, and the village vodka houses are more and more being replaced by beer taverns.

An ingenious implement has been patented by a Rhode Island inventor to enable a man to tie a knot in cord around a parcel and cut the superfluous cord with one hand.

It is reported that an extensive bed of rock salt has been discovered on the Skeena River, about 45 miles from Prince Rupert, along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

The tulip beds on the premises of C. M. Thomas, Spruce street, Rockland, Me., have evoked a great deal of comment and admiration. There are between 50,000 and 60,000 of the plants, the blooms on which make a dazzling sea of color.

A photographic paper which is sensitized on both sides is designed for the purpose of making copies of records for filing. The scheme is a space-saver.

There are in Canada four telephone lines owned by provincial governments, 27 owned by municipalities, 368 owned by corporations, 133 owned by cooperative companies, 31 owned by partnerships and 113 private lines.

When full, the terminal elevators at Port Arthur and Port William will hold approximately 30,000,000 bushels of grian, but, owing to the different grades of grain and its condition, the total capacity is hardly ever reached.

If the earth were to revolve 17 times faster than it does, bodies at the equator would lose their weight and remain stationary in the air without support.

A new English life buoy carries an incandescent lights on each side, supplied with current by a storage battery which is switched on automatically as the buoy is lifted from a rack.

The English navy has developed fire control tod the point that a single officer can discharge all the guns on one side of a ship at the same instant, all the shells reaching the target together and delivering a crushing blow.

The Assouan dam and other irrigation works in Egypt have cost about $53,000,000; but the increase in value of land in middle and lower Egypt and the Fayoum provinces has been from $955,000,000 to $2,440,000,000. The total rent of this land has risen from $82,000,000 to $190,000,000.

Eighteen barrels of ginseng, containing 1,343 pounds and worth $8,061, have begun their journey from Wausau, Wis., to China. This crop was grown by J. H. Koehler on one-half acre of land near Wausau.

An expert of the department of agriculture has been sent to the extreme northwestern corner of China, never before visited by scientists, to seek new plants that might be valuable in the United States.

Some people may not be aware of the origin of the word "porcelain." When, in the sixteenth century, traders introduced this Chinese product into Europe, its polished, translucent surface was thought to resemble cowrie shells, which, from their supposed likeness to the shape of a little pig were called "porcellana."

One of the wonders of the Guatemala jungle is the "water vine," a black, slakelike, leafless stem, dropping from the ceiba and mahogany trees to which it has climbed. It is said to contain a quart of water to every foot. When the stem is cut the water spurts forth in a refreshing stream. Moisture is drawn up from the soil, and filtered through the pores of the plant.

Early wells in what later developed into the greatest oil region in the country were put down for salt, some being sunk to a depth of 800 feet. Nearly all yielded quantities of petroleum, and some produced nearly all oil, but it was not until the late fifties that the comemrcial value of oil as an illuminant was realized.

More than 600,000 pounds of snail shells are shipped out of Malaysia every year to Europe and America to be used in the making of buttons and in New York The shells are taken, quality, bring about 16 cents a pound in New York. The shells are taken from the ocean by fishermen and sold through Chinese collectors to European firms at Singapore.

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

The Launch-Out Club

By Martha Holden.

Ruth Cole had been busy all morning making her home tidy for her cousin, Rachel Gray. Ruth wished everything to look just right, as she had great regard for Rachel's taste and judgment. Rachel lived in a city, sang in a big church choir and did Y. W. C. A. work. Ruth visited her every winter and she returned the visit when Ruth's farm home was embowered in roses and honeysuckle, and framed in broad stretches of green meadow. Tall elm trees crowded into the dense shade near the low, white farmhouse, and Rachel used to say that, with Ruth in the doorway, in ruffled white, the quaint picture was complete.

Ruth was the girlish wife of a busy young farmer, and her cousin was about her own age. The two girls, only daughters of brothers, had been friends from childhood and loved each other as sisters.

Ruth went singing from room to room. She put sprays of syringa in the tall blue mantel vases; she cut the last late red peonies as a decoration for the hall. Then she put on canvas gloves and went out to cut the roses—the thorns scratched so.

Soon the house was abloom with the treasures of an old fashioned garden. A light breeze stirred the white ruffled curtains at many windows, and from the distant fields were blown to her the sounds of farm industry.

When the downstairs rooms were all bedecked, Ruth carried a cluster of cinnamon pinks for a vase in Rachel's room. The day before this chamber had been swept and dusted, its painted floor mopped to the highest polish, its rag rugs beaten clean on the damp grass. Fresh sheets, from which the lavender had been shaken were on the bed, pillows with Ruth's best crocheted edging adorned the snowy spread. There was a comfortable chair by the window overlooking the deep shadows of the wood pasture, and on the table beside the bed was a shaded lamp, with neat wick and glistening chimney. Ruth brought the last number of her woman's magazine, and placed it beside the little Bible and the "Daily Strength," which were always there.

Then she went down stairs to get dinner. Rachel would arrive at 12 o'clock and it was now 10:30.

Ruth's kitchen had also softly blown window curtains, while morning glory vines kept the sun further at bay. It was a long, low celled room, furnished at one end with a round table, and a serviceable corner cupboard; and at the other with a stove, a sink, a work table and a kitchen cabinet. There was, too, a gasoline stove, for summer use, and Ruth, having scraped the potatoes and shelled the peas, lighted this stove, without blowing herself up, as all her old relatives daily expected her to do, and soon had dinner cooking.

She put a white cloth on the round table, some larkspur in a wide glass as a center piece, and laid it further with her new blue spade tower dishes, that were the pattern of those her great grandmother had begun with.

From the cellar she brought a glass of fresh strawberry preserve, a jar of pickles, and a cherry pie, which last she had made in the cool of the morning.

From the pantry she produced cold boiled ham and white and brown bread.

When the table was ready and the potatoes fit to cream, Jim, her husband, came in from the field. It was half past eleven; I'll go and meet Rachel," he said; and, kissing her, returned to his auto.

Ruth watched him lovingly from the vine-embowered kitchen door. Then she ran to the looking glass on the back porch to see just how she had looked when he kissed her. She found her brown hair neat, her blue eyes bright, and her white calico dress, with its clean Swiss neck ruffle becomingly simple.

Everything was now ready for the meal; the hot things in the warming oven, the cold things in place on the table. A border of parsley edged the plate of cold meat; a lump of ice covered the dewy pot of butter, and a larger crystal lump, with crisp sprigs of mint was in the big glass pitcher of cold tea.

Ruth took off her gingham covering apron and sat down on the porch to wait. She began to crochet as if life depended on it. She scarcely heard the birds' songs in the elm branches, and she had no time to enjoy their movements. Among the trees, or to see the velvet butterflies that dipped here and there among the porch vines. Soon she heard the car's distant chugging, then she saw it mount over the hill, glide into the lane, and Rachel was in her arms.

It was a merry dinner, for Jim loved to be hospitable. He was what visitors call a fine man in his home, attentive, thoughtful and with something to say at the table.

He did not sit bolting food every minute, he found time between bites for conversation, and as he was a progressive young farmer, he read the daily news, and was able to talk on what was passing in the world.

When he went back to the field, Ruth made Rachel go and have a nap, while she did the washing up. Then she slept, and later they met on the shaded back porch, Ruth with her crocheting, Rachel with a book.

"Shall I read while you work," suggested Rachel, opening a copy of Arnold Bennett's 'How to Live in Twenty-Four Hours a Day."

"Please do," said Ruth. "I've been wanting to read that ever since I saw it reviewed."

They had gone but a page or two, when the telephone rang.

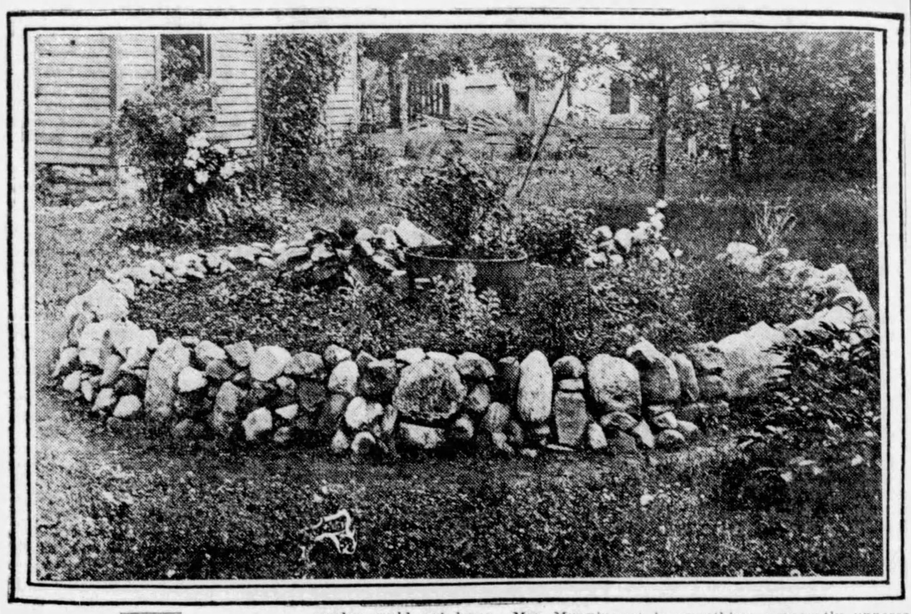
When Ruth returned to the porch she explained. "It was Lizzie Brisch, a girl on the next farm, asking us there to a picnic on Tuesday. I told her it was impossible. Tuesday's ironing day. Lizzie said, 'You can iron every Tuesday next winter, but our rambler rose arbor won't be perfect much longer.'"

"And you said you wouldn't go?" exclaimed Rachel. "Haven't you found out in your two years' housekeeping that the earth revolves upon its axis and all other important events take place whether you iron on Tuesday or Saturday? Take my advice, Ruth, never miss a day's outing with neighbors and friends, when Beauty is an object, for the sake of household routine. You're a good housekeeper, but it doesn't pay to grow kitchen minded."

"You're right," said Ruth, after a moment's thought, I guess I'll call Lizzie up and tell her we'll come."

(To Be Continued.)

A Blade Friend's Memory Garden



THE accompanying illustration shows the memory garden of Mrs. Mary Munn, of Clarence, Iowa.

Mrs. Munn has been a reader of The Blade for many years. She speaks of it lovingly as the "dear old Blade," and she wishes her friends in its columns to see her rock garden. It has specimens from all over the world, and Mrs. Munn feels that it has a quality of permanency which a flower garden could not have. Mrs. Munn's friends have brought to her a rock or a pebble from shore or mountain or historic spot of both east and west, and from these she has constructed a circular enclosure for flowers and rare plants.

It is said that the collector is the happy person; that everyone should, as the years advance, have some outside interest which absorbes him; so men collect stamps, books, pictures butterflies or pebbles, just so an interest in something apparently unnecessary is maintained. Mrs. Munn is evidently an enthusiast who enjoys life. Her letters are full of hope and optimism. Doubtless she has had, with the receiving and the placing of every rock in her memory garden, just as valuable a thrill as does the antiquarian who adds a Tanagra statuette of an Egyption enamel to his priceless collection.

The interest is the main thing.—Martha Holden.

MERRY - GO - ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

ATTENTION, M. G. R.'S.

Please don't forget the M. G. R. Homecomers' number, July 24. Original M. G. R.'s, please send letters, photographs or greetings. We are eager to hear and see you.

MARTHA HOLDEN.

THE INDUSTRIOUS ANTS

I wish to call your attention to Nature. Do you readers study the natural scenes about you? What does this all speak to you? Is not God's work marvelous? Should not you devote part of your evenings to this study? It is worth your pondering and will pay you in a large measure. God speaks to us through the flowers, trees and sparkling brooks. Go and consider the lilies of your fields and become acquainted with mother nature. You lazy and sluggards, go out into the fields and turn up a rock and learn a lesson from the ants. Watch the growth of nature and then ask yourself the question, Am I growing in morality and a Godly character?—A. McN., W. Va.

A REVOLUTIONARY GIRL

During the Revolution my great-great-grandmother was captured by the Tories one cold, frosty night, and thinly clad was forced to get up behind an intoxicated soldier. Going up a hill she saw her chance, slipped off the horse, and found protection behind a log. For three days she was a native of woods. On the fourth morning, as the sun peeped at her over blue hills, she jumped a high fence and made her way home, barely escaping death as she jumped on a piece of glass and received a severe wound.

I am a girl of 16 summers. I intend to be an author and a professional musical writer.

I have composed a song entitled, "Where Love Leads Me I Will Follow." That was a splendid letter written by Loyal Wolverine. Please write again. Au revoir.—Just a Western Girl.

THE BROWNIES

We are farmer girls living on a farm of 107 acres in Northwestern Ohio. The crops that are raised in this part of the state are corn, wheat, oats, potatoes and an abundance of fruit. We certainly enjoy farm life in preference to the city, as we have tried both. We are five sisters, and have no brothers, but always enjoy a moon-light drive or afternoon with some other girl's brother. Oh? No we are not old maids, just jolly farm girls. We enjoy reading the Blade, especially the peace page, and wish to congratulate them on their helpful editor. Our grandmother says one copy of the Blade is worth the year's subscription price. She is a lady 84 years old, living on a farm by herself, and has taken the Blade ever since mother can remember. We would be glad to correspond with the Hayseed of Iowa and the Golden West Girl of Montana.—The Brownies.

FROM THE TENNESSEE HILLS

The hills near my home, two miles south of the Cumberland Gap, are now beautiful in their coat of green. I should love to hear from Nature Lover again. I, too, love nature. I love to roam in the forest, listening to the chatter of the birds and squirrels. I think most everybody could be happy if they looked on the bright side of life. God is love and He wishes us to be happy.—E. G., Tenn.

ADVICE TO S. S. TEACHERS

If M. C. Girl will put herself in the child's place for a few moments she will probably change her work in her Sunday school class. With a good many of the teachers in the primary work, their teaching is not adapted to the minds of their pupils. The best way to interest them is to get them to talk about some occurrences of a similar nature to the lesson and then apply the teaching of the lesson to that. If there is no incident that they know of near home you can tell them a short story or read them from some paper. Do not ask questions way ahead of your pupils' knovvledge. Imagine what you thought about when you were this age and then teach accordingly. Above all, be frank and get their confidence.—Hoy.

LETTER FROM OLIVE BRANCH

I wish to say to the Peace Page people who have inquired for me on account of my absence that "It is sweet to be remembered midst the turmoils of this life," and I often have the inclination to write, but not the leisure. For over a year my father has been a shut-in and with only one pair of hands to attend to everything I don't get into mischief with them being idle very often. I have a few thoughts stored away for you in my head garret and if the cobwebs don't get too thick will try and give them to you some day. Perhaps I will be writing for the Peace Page every week one of these days. How would that please you?

Nannie Hamm and Blueeyed Poet, please find yourselves as I cannot, also Maybeth, Luther, Ill Nois, Bonnie Burnie and all other good M. G. R.'s, who have become lost, strayed or stolen from the fold. Raoul de Coubert, I see that you remember the letter sent by me to our last reunion. Yes, Lorna Doone is still one of my favorite books. I remember you as the only one who guessed correctly the person who sang Lorna's love song on that occasion, but "John Ridd" has not found his way to the glen yet.

Another good book I read recently is "The Shepherd of the Hills." I believe anyone who reads it thoughtfully cannot help realizing the far-reaching influence of a good man's life, wherever he may be and how forcefully the story portrays the result of wrong doing and the truth that "the sting of death is sin," as it was also the sting in life to Howard.

The influence of a good life is like this old fable:

A Persian fable says: One day
A wanderer found a lump of clay,
So redolent of sweet perfume
Its odor scented all the room.
"What art thou?" was his quick command.
"Art thou some gem from Samareand;
Or spikenard in this rude disguise,
Or other costly merchandise?"
"Nay, I am but a lump of clay"
"Then whence this mondrous perfume —say?"
"Friend, if the secret I disclose,
I have been dwelling with the rose.'
Sweet parable! and will not those
Who live to dwell with Sharon's Rose
Distill sweet odors all around,
Though low and mean themselves are found?
Dear Lord, abide with us that we
May draw our perfume fresh from Thee.'—Olive Branch.

Living Major Generals.

Magazine of American History.

General Grenville M. Dodge, whose home is in Council Bluffs, Ia., is one of three surviving army corps commanders, the other two being General Sickles and General James H. Wilson. General Dodge is the last surviving general commander, however, having been in command of the army of the Tennessee and of the department of Missouri. He was major-general at the age of 32 years, reaching this rank in 1864. At that time, he says, he had in his command a brigadier-general in command of a brigade who ws brely 22 yers of age.

Seasonable Vegetables

Green Peas, Ancient Style—Take three quarts of young, tender, green peas, shell carefully and wrap them in a wet cloth till wanted. Clean, drain, and tie up a lettuce head, put it in a saucepan with the peas, add a little salt, cover with about a glassful of water, and add four ounces of butter. Cook for 15 minutes, remove the lettuce, and when ready to serve the peas thicken them with three tablespoonfuls of cream mixad with the yolk of an egg, adding a very little white pepper and a tablespoonful of powdered loaf sugar. Let all thicken together for five minutes or a little longer and serve at once in a vegetable dish.

Egg Plant, Poulette Style.—Peel the egg plant and cut it in halves, remove the seeds and cut it in small pieces. Place a large lump of butter in a saucepan to melt, then put in the egg plant, tossing the pieces about for a few minutes, season to taste with salt and pepper and pour over them a small quantity of clear broth. Allow to stew over a gentle fire till quite cooked, then remove the saucepan to the side of the stove and stir in a moderate quantity of minced parsley with the yolk of an egg that has been beaten up with the juice of half a lemon and strained. Lay the pieces of egg plant on a hot dish, pour the sauce over them, and serve immediately.

Carrots with Fine Herbs—Wash and scrape about three large carrots and put them into a saucepan with a lump of salt and plenty of cold water and boil until they are tender. Put a small lump of butter into another saucepan, place it over the fire until melted, and put in an onion, finely chopped, and toss it about over the fire until it is brown. Pour a pint of water or clear broth over the onion and boil it for five minutes. Drain the carrots and put them in with the onion and broth, add a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley and boil for three or four minutes longer. Remove the carrots from the fire, squeeze in the juice of half a lemon and season to taste with salt and pepper. Turn onto a hot dish, garnish with croutons of fried bread, and serve.

String Beans with Gravy—Put some string beans that have been cooked and allowed to become quite cold into a saucepan with a little chopped parsley and onion fried in butter, seasoning to taste with salt and pepper. Toss over the fire for about 10 minutes. Then pour in sufficient stock and gravy from roasted meat to moisten and cook gently for 15 minutes longer. Skim off the beans and place on a dish. Add the yolk of two or three eggs to the gravy and thicken; pour over the beans; serve very hot.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

I desire to thank the many readers of the dear old Blade for their beautiful postcards and cherry letters. I have tried to answer every one, but some received didn't have their names on them, so I could not answer. If you all will send me a card with your name and address on, I will return the favor; also the girl that sent me a card written in red ink. I could not make out her name and the post mark was blurred, so I couldn't tell whence it came.—Mrs. Eunice E. See, Hannibal, Mo.

I see where have made a great big mistake and I want you to please correct it. In a late Blade I sent in a piece about the bear hunt. I intended to say squirrels and trees. Please add this that I made a great big mistake and if make another one like that I'll expect to be discharged from Peace Page. You will find where I said I had a good time shooting at birds and trees. Don't that sound bad? I don't wan't to kill birds, so please correct it and I'll try to do better. Wishing you to succed in your good work.—W. D., S. C.

POET'S CORNER

JUNE

William Cullen Bryant.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife-bee and humming bird.

And what, if cheerful shouts, at noon,
Come from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight or sound.

I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thoughts of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is, that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

HE AND SHE

Sir Edwin Arnold.

"She is dead," they said to him, "come away;
Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair.

Over her eyes that gazed too much
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a gentle touch they closed as well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell.

About her brows and her beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes;
Which were the whitest, no eye could choose;

And over her bosom they crossed her hands;
"Come away," they said, "God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And held their breath 'till they left the room
With a shudder, a glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he, who lovel her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead;

He lit his lamp and took the key
And turned it—alone again—he and she.

He and she—but she would not speak,
Tho' he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile
Tho' he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
To any passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips, and breast without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death,

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and soul distinct, intense?

"See now, I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its record, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?

"O, perfect dead! O, dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear.

"I listen as deep as to terrible hell;
As high as heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead
And your hot tears on my brow were shed.

"I would say tho' the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid—

"You should not ask vainly with streaming eyes
Which of all was death's chiefest surprise;

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! O, most kind dead!
Tho' he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way,

"The utmost wonder is this—I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear.

"I am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, tho' dead, I have never died."

NEVER TROUBLE TROUBLE

Leslie's Weekly.

There's a cheery little proverb
It is very well to heed,
In a world where pain and sorrow
Are quite plentiful indeed.
If you would not have them double,
Then keep this well in view,
To never trouble trouble
Until trouble troubles you.

Don't think when storm clouds gather
You are certain to be drowned;
The very darkest tempests
May quickly blow around,
And up above the blackness
Shines evermore the blue;
So never trouble trouble
Until trouble troubles you.

Ofttimes a gloomy morning
Precedes a sunny day—
So, without a word of warning,
Our trials slip away.
What pangs we oft have suffered
From ills we never knew,
So never trouble trouble
Until trouble troubles you.

Quit counting all the bridges
You may never have to cross,
Quit climbing all the ridges
Of future pain and loss.
Trudge on and do your duty,
To God and conscience true,
And never trouble trouble
Until trouble troubles you.

THE CAMEL'S COMPLAINT

By Charles E. Caryl in the Admiral's Caravan.

Canary birds feed on sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers to crunch;
And, as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles
Have chickens and cream for their lunch.
But there's never a question
About my digestion—
Anything does for me!

Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,
Chickens can roost upon rails;
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,
And oysters can slumber in pails.
But no one supposes
A poor camel dozes—
Any place does for me!

Lambs are inclosed where it's never exposed,
Coops are constructed for hens;
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
And pigs are protected by pens.
But a camel comes handy
Wherever it's sandy—
Anywhere does for me

People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or mounted the back of an ox;
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestraddle a fox.
But as for a camel, he's
Ridden by families—
Any load does for me!

A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,
And weasels are wavy and sleek;
And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek.
But a camel's all lumpy,
And bumpy and humpy—
Any shape does for me!

MY MOTHER'S PRAYER

"As I wandered 'round the homestead,
Many a dear familiar spot
Bro't within my recollection
Scenes I'd seemingly forgot;
There, the orchard—meadow, yonder—
Here, the deep, old-fashioned well,
With its old moss-covered bucket,
Sent a thrill ,no tongue can tell.

"Though the house was held by strangers,
All remained the same within;
Just as when a child I rambled
Up and down, and out and in;
To the garret dark ascending—
Once a source of childish dread—
Peering through the misty cobwebs,
Lo! I saw my trundle bed.

Chorus.

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!"

"Quick I drew it from the rubbish,
Covered o'er with dust so long;
When, behold, I heard in fancy
Strains of one familiar song,
Often sung by my dear mother
To me in that trundle bed;
'Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name.'

"While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again;
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.

"Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says:
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:
'Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name."

"Prayer is over; to my pillow
With a 'good night' kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper
'Now I lay me down to sleep.'
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild;
'Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Bless, oh, bless my precious child!'

"Yet I am but only dreaming,
Ne'er I'll be a child again:
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet churchyard lain;
But the memory of her counsels
O'er my path a light has shed,
Daily calling me to heaven,
Even from my trundle bed."

POEMS WANTED

The Hat My Father Wore.
I Think When I Read That Sweet Story, Etc.
I Ain't Going to Cry Any More.
I Have Wandered Today to the Hills, Maggie.
Sometime We'll Understand.
Sunny Tennessee.
Old Wooden Rocker.
Evolution.
Darling Chloe.
The Black Horse.
Don't Be Sorrowful, Darling.
The Catain's Will.

I wish some good lady would write out and have published a good and reliable recipe for graham bread, as I must have this bread every time that I eat.—T. S. G., W. Va.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Here we meet for
Health, Happiness and
Good Cheer.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS

I shall try to describe my ideal community—the one in which I should like to spend the few remaining years of my life.

First, I would select a thinly settled community in the backwoods, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." I should like it among hills or mountains, where the climate is not extreme, and where pure air and pure water abound. Although I cannot hunt at all, nor fish but little, I should like it best if there were a good sprinkle of small game and fish.

But the "natives"—that is the point of most importance. I should like them to be agricultural people—poor, industrious, moral, and intelligent. The farther this community might be removed from worldly pride, the better. I should like a people who would rather walk than ride a hungry horse; but not too proud to wear a patched coat rather than go in debt, or allow that horse to go hungry. I should like a community of people who visit each other often; but where the visit entails no extra preparation, neither to those visiting or visited. In short, I should like a people who think of something besides "showing off."

I should prefer a neighborhood in which the loom and spinning wheel are still in vogue; because this would remind me of the happiest days of my life—days when the question of how to support a wife did not enter into the problem of matrimony.

And last, but most important, I should enjoy living where earnest Christians meet every Sunday, to worship their Creator, read and study the Bible, and talk about things relating to the eternal welfare of heir souls.

I have observed life in most of its phases, and experienced it in many of them; and as I sit here now, an old man, watching life's little day draw to its close, I feel that if my life could be lived anew, and I could select the environs, the community I have described is the one in which I could be most happy and useful.—H., of Ky.

A FINE IDEA

I want to tell you a hobby of mine: If I wanted to erect a memorial to somebody I would erect a bridge or make a strip of road dedicated to the person. I think it would be a good way and do good to humanity, more than marble shafts. I would like to hear others' expression on the subject. —M. A. Q.

Let us have further expression on this line. A newspaper woman in Toledo, a dear friend of the late Elizabeth Ayers, by the way, died shortly after she did. Mrs. Murphy had requested cremation and her ashes were scattered to the breeze. But her friends planted a tree in her memory, making of the ceremony a time of joyful reminiscences of the departed, when some of her favorite sentiments were read, and her nearest friends offered eulogies. It was a beautiful occasion and it accomplished not only a service to the dead, but to the living.—Martha Holden.

A LARGE ORDER

I am a minister. I have regular appointments and am the superintendent of one Sunday school and the assistant of another. It gives me two schools every Sunday, and I farm and run a sawmill and work hard to try to support my family. I have a sickly wife, six children, two married, four single, one little boy nearly blind, one boy 19 years old, in Portsmouth, Ohio. I have five grandchildren, and the 27th day of this month is my birthday. I wish every Blade reader would send me a birthday card. I am 44 years old.—Rev. S. H. McClellan, Huntington, W. Va.

RAISE THE STANDARD

I am very young yet and as I have heard many older people remark that as they look back over their childhood days they realize what their life might have been had they only tried to rise to a higher standard in life. I shall try to rise to a high and noble standard in life and accomplish all the good I can, so that when my childhood days are past I will not look back over them and say as they did: In every life, even that which seems brightest and fairest, there is some grave where dead hopes and unfulfilled dreams lie buried, and not one knows the broken story which they cover.

Let us all be cheerful is my motto.—A Friend From W. Va.

FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING

It's an old hackneyed subject, but I hope I may put some extra force into it. The admonition to give our flowers to the living when they need them, has been worn into a frazzle. I broach it once more. I know the importance of it for I have travelled both roads. Giving wreaths of kind words and deeds to the living will not only lift a burden from their hearts, but also your own. No experience of my life has left its mark on my memory more than the remembrance of a much beloved old friend—a venerable Sunday School superintendent —whom I perhaps never quite wronged, but neglected to reciprocate his great kindness in the way that would have been a proper and just compensation. The days of the past when I might have shown my appreciation more, now seem precious, but are in the land of "might have been." A wreath on his grave now, however rich or gorgeous, is but partial satisfaction to my mind and no addition to him. We miss the water when the well goes dry. Give your wreaths to your friends when they need them, and when it will be a satisfaction to you also and a crowning consolation to you when they are gone. Break your alabaster boxes over the living and they will give a richer chrism after they are gone for your conscience. If you neglect them, your regret will have no remedy. Improve the opportunity. Neglect it not.—Sorrowful.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

At the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Barbara Frietchie, last December, an organization was formed to remove her remains from the Reformed Church cemetery in Frederick City and re-inter them in the new cemetery near the grave of Francis Scott Key, author of The Star Spangled Banner, and erect a monument to the memory of the famous woman. The removal of the body took place recently.

It is now conceded Barbara never waved her little flag at General Stonewall Jackson, as the Confederate leader and his corps passed through Frederick on another street, but the true story backs up the main incident of Whittier's famous poem.

On the first approach of soldiers, seen from afar, Barbara was on her little porch when a niece, now Mrs. Julia M. Abbott, of Frederick City, suggested to her "Auntie" Frietchie that she get her little flag and wave it to the soldiers. She did so and when the soldiers came close they were seen to be Confederates.

An officer rode up and demanded the flag. She refused and a dozen Confederates cried out, "Shoot her dead off." The commanding officer turned on his men said: "Touch a hair of her head and I'll shoot you down like a dog." To Barbara he said: "Granny, go on, wave your flag as much as you like." "March on," he said, to his soldiers.

Mrs. Abbott says: "The real truth was told me only recently by Mrs. Winebrenner, who expressed surprise that I had never heard the account before. She recalled that Auntie had said to her: 'I haven't told any of the family about it because they make such a fuss over everything that I do.'"

At the time of Barbara Frietchie's death Rev. Dr. S. S. Gilson, of Pittsburg, lay in the hospital in Frederick City and was cared for by the relations of the aged woman and he has kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Abbott, the real heroine of the poem for all these 50 years.

Before Whittier wrote his poem he investigated. He wrote to the postmaster at Frederick, asking the name of the woman who had waved a Union flag before soldiers. The reply came, "Barbara Frietchie."

Whittier himself was annoyed continuously by inquiries as to the facts, and it is said that the genial Quaker poet became so exasperated that he wished to suppress the Frietchie poem in all editions of his writings.

Mrs. Frietchie deserves a monument, according to the residents of Frederick and to many others throughout the country, who are working to the end that her grave be not neglected, and that her patriotism be marked in marble or bronze as well as in the imperishable tribute of the Quaker poet. She was "Aunt" Frietchie to nearly every small child in Frederick in the days when she was the wife of a prosperous glove manufacturer and in the subsequent days of widowhood and decreptitude, a charitable and beloved old woman.

BOYS AND GIRLS

At Lakeland.

I live at Lakeland, Mich., one of the most beautiful summer resorts in southern Michigan. We have three postoffices and two hotels, one boat factory and machine shop combined. There are about 200 launch boats here. It is pleasant to go to the station and see the large crowds of people, who come to spend the day at the lake and take the trip through the chain of lakes, which are in number seven or eight.—Ella Cady, Lakeland, Mich.

Two Little Friends.

Will you let two little girls of six years come in to your happy circle of children. We are two little friends of six years and both of our birthdays come in November. We live close together; we play together, and went to school last winter for the first time. We can read in the first reader. Our hobby is good books and flowers. My friend, Marjie, has two sisters older than herself, a little brother and one sister younger. I have four sisters older than myself, but have no brothers. I am the baby, so you see we don't get lonesome. Our mammas said they would like some plan to keep us separated. I hope they won't find any. We would like to get cards from the girls and boys near our own age whose birthdays come in the same month. We both get our mail in the same bag. We know when each other get cards.—Revil Mooney and Marjie Woodrum, Charleston, W. Va., R. F. D. No. 2, Box 4.

A Bead-loom.

I am a little girl and live on a farm in Pennsylvania. I wonder how many of the Blade girls ever did any beadwork. My sister and I have a bead-loom upon which we weave bead chains, hairbands and watch fobs. It is very simple and any one could learn with a little practice. I am 10 years of age and would like to correspond with girls of my age from Oregon or California.—Bertha Norton, Turtle Point, Pa., Box 36.

An Orphan Boy.

I am an orphan boy 13 years old. My father died when I was eight years old and my mother kept us for two years. There were five of us, three boys and two girls. The rest of them were all sent to the orphans' home at Shelbyville and I was taken by a cousin and her husband, where I have been ever since. When I came here I barely knew my A-B-C's and now I am in the sixth grade. We live close to the Christian Church and I have hardly missed a Sunday from Sunday school in over three years. I have won books, cards and a gold button for my regular attendance. I have heard from my brothers and sisters and they have good homes, but as there was one adopted by a family that does not want her to know anything about her folks, I can not write to her, but hear from her in some other way. We live on a farm six miles west of Marshall. I have a time hunting goose eggs and watching turkeys to their nest. As my birthday is in this month I would like to get post cards from all the Blade boys and girls. Ever a friend to The Blade.—Frank Veach, Marshall, Ill.

Wants an Auto Ride.

I am 10 years old. School is out now so I help mamma. I wash dishes and help her wash sometimes and get dinner. I would like to hear from some of your homes. Write and tell me about your homes. I have a playhouse. I have a brother and a sister. Do any of The Blade boys and girls go to Sunday school? I don't, but I am going to this summer. I would like to ride in an automobile. I never was in one. They look like they would be nice to ride in. Have any of you boys got an automobile? This spring I have been gathering wild flowers. I gather lilies, sweet williams and Dutchman's ladders.—Marie Byers, Chandlersville, Ohio.

A Riddle.

I am sending a riddle which I hope will be answered by some of The Blade boys and girls:

"Green as grass, and grass it isn't;
Red as blood, and blood it isn't;
Black as ink, and ink it isn't.
What is it?"

I would like to exchange cards with The Blade readers.—Grace Hallman, Alum Rock, Pa., R. F. D. No. 1.

SHORT AND SWEET.

I would like to correspond with the Indian Girl from Texas personally.—Blue Eyed Bess, Fitchburg, Michigan.

I am a farmer boy 10 years old and like to work on a farm. I think the answers to Constance Postens' riddles are a tree and clothespin.—Homer Paisley, Cumberland, Ohio.

COMPLICATION OF WOMAN'S ILLS

Yields to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Athens, Texas.—"I had a complication of diseases, some of them of long standing. I wrote to you for advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and some other things that you suggested. I must confess that I am much better in every way and have been relieved of some of the worst troubles. My neighbors say I look younger now than I did fifteen years ago."—Mrs. SARAH R. WHATLEY, Athens, Texas, R. F. D. No. 3. Box 92.

We know of no other medicine which has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women, or received so many genuine testimonials, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In nearly every community you will find women who have been restored to health by this famous medicine. Almost every woman you meet knows of the great good it has been doing among suffering women for the past 30 years.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing hundreds of thousands of letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, many of them state that it has saved them from surgical operations.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

QUEEN ZENOBIA

Please tell what you can of Queen Zenobia.—J. R. T., Florida.

Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, was instructed in the sciences by the celebrated Longinus, and made such progress that besides her native tongue she spoke the Latin, Greek, Coptic and Syrian languages. She was married to Odenathus, king of Palmyra, accompanied him both in the war and the chase, and the success of his military expedition against the Persians is, in a degree, attributed to her prudence and courage. She became Queen of the East after the death of her husband in 267 A. D. She was preparing to make other conquests, when the succession of Aurelian to the purple led to a remarkable change of fortune. That prince, disgusted at the usurpation of the richest provinces of the east by a female, determined to make war upon her. He gained two battles, Antioch and Emesa, besieged her in Palmyra, where she defended herself with great bravery. At length, finding that the city would be obliged to surrender, she quitted it privately; but the emperor, having notice of her escape, caused her to be pursued with such diligence that she was overtaken just as she got into a boat to cross the Euphrates. Aurelian spared her life, which was demanded by the Roman soldiers, by sacrificing her ministers, among whom was the distinguished Longinus. She passed the remainder of her life as a Roman matron; and her daughters were married by Aurelian into families of distinction. Her only surviving son retired into Armenia, where the emperor bestowed upon him a small principality. Ware wrote a book entitled Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra.

THE EVERGLADES

Kindly give a description of the Everglades of Florida.—H. A., Ind.

The Everglades is a name given to a large shallow lake, or a low, marshy tract of land in the southern part of Florida, about 160 miles long and 60 miles wide. The causes given for the present condition of the region are the depressions in the new formed lands and the incompleteness of the water channels. The region contains a large number of islands, some very small, others with an area of hundreds of acres, covered with grass, plants, trees, varying from the water vegetation to that of the uplands. A large portion of the land is vegetable accumulations several feet deep, with little or no clay impurities. At the present time large masses of peat in its first stages are being formed on account of the lake destruction taking place in some parts of the Everglades. The slow current of the sluggish streams keeps the water pure, and fish and game abound. In some parts an effort is being made to reclaim the Everglades by artificial drainage or by clearing the channels.

OCTOPUS

Please give a description of the octopus.—G. T. N., Connecticut.

The octopus is a class of sea animal which has a distinct head and arms, surrounding the mouth, and are provided with suckers. The body is covered with a mantle, from the open mouth of which project the head and arms. The water can pass freely into the mouth cavity around the collar, but when the mantle contracts it may fit so closely to the neck that the water cannot return the same way but is forcibly expelled through a tube called the siphon, connecting with the mantle cavity. Because of this the animal may be projected backward through the water. The nervous system is highly developed and greatly centralized. A cartilage surrounds certain of the nerve centers, supports the eyes and ears, and serves for the attachment of muscles. The mouth possesses two jaws resembling the beak of a parrot. There is in most forms an ink sac, which opens by a duct with the anus. It contains a black fluid which the animal discharges into the water, thereby rendering it so cloudy that it can escape when attacked. The contents of the ink sac of certain forms is the India ink or sepia of commerce. These animals are marine and carnivorous in their habits.

QUEEN LUISE

Please give a sketch of Queen Luise of Prussia.—M. J. F., Montrose, Colo.

Queen Luise of Prussia was born at Hanover March, 1776, and died at Strelitz July 19, 1810. She lost her mother in her sixth year and was brought up in charge of her grandmother at Darmstadt. In her 17th year she was married to the crown prince afterward Frederick William III. of Prussia. On her husband's accession to the throne she won all hearts by her beauty and kindness of disposition. In her travels with the king through the provinces she was constantly engaged in helping the poor and unhappy. When the war of 1806 broke out she accompanied her husband to Raumburg and after the disaster of Jena, to Konigsburg and Memel, setting an example to all by her unbroken fortitude. Before Tilsit she hoped to win from Napoleon more favorable conditions for her beloved country, and interceded with conqueror in vain. She is a household name to this day in Prussia and the Order of Luise was founded in her honor by her husband, the king, in 1814. It is the object of this order to honor patriotic and benevolent women of the Prussian nation. The badge is a gold cross enameled in black. In the center is a gold cross enameled in black. In the center is a shield of blue on which the letter L is enclosed in a circle of stars. The ribbon is white, striped with black.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY

Please give some information about Howard University.—M. E., Iowa.

Howard University is a co-educational institution, situated in Washington, D. C., established by the United States government in 1867. It was named for General O. O. Howard, who was head of the Freedman's Bureau, and had much to do with the foundation of the school. The university is supported by congressional appropriation, except the medical department, which is maintained by tuition fees, and this is the only department in which tuition is charged. The departments are preparatory college, collegiate, medical, agricultural, dentistry, pharmacy, pedagogy, theology, law and music. An industrial department provides instruction in trades for students in the preparatory and English courses. The pupils in this department have practical instruction under competent workmen, in printing, carpentry, bookbinding and tinsmithing. The university is well known for its work in the higher education of the negros of the United States. The school has property valued at about $1,000,000, and a general endowment fund of $175,000.

WILLIAM LIVINGSTON

I would like to have you give a brief biography of William Livingston.—B. F. B., Sandy Lake, Pa.

William Livingston was born at Albany, N. Y., November 30, 1723, and died at Elizabethtown, N. J., July 25, 1790. He was graduated from Yale in 1741, was admitted to the bar in 1748, was elected to the provincial legislature from Livingston manor. In 1774 he became a delegate from the New Jersey province to the first Continel congress, and served in the second and third congresses. In June, 1776, he became a delegate from the New Jersey province to the first Continental and was thereby prevented from signing the Delaration of Independence. In 1776 he was elected first governor of New Jersey, and this post, having resigned his military command, held until his death. In 1787 he was appointed a delegate to the convention that framed the constitution of the United States. He was the author of a number of books.

TO READ METERS

I would like to learn through the Question Bureau how to read meters.—M. D., Muscatine, Iowa.

Gas and water meters are both read the same way. Each meter has a face upon which are five or six little circles with numbers and a pointer for each circle. The numbers over the circle indicate the amount of one revolution of the pointers. The circles run from the million foot to the one foot circle, the latter being used for detecting leaks and for testing the flow of gas. The usual method of reading is as follows: Disregard the one foot circle. Commence with the ten foot circle and read each higher one consecutively, putting down the figures in the same order, always taking the lower of the two figures between which the pointer stands. When the pointer is so near a figure as to apparently indicate it exactly, refer to the next lower circle, and if that pointer has passed the "0" the figure indicated is correct; otherwise, take the next lower. For example, the reading of the "10" circle might be 4; of the "100" circle, 3; the "1,000" circle, 9; the "10,000" circle, 6; the "100,000" circle, 8; and the "1,000,000" circle 5, thus making the correct reading 586934 cubic feet.

GREEN CLAY

Kindly give the biography of General Green Clay.—L. G. S., Clarence, Iowa.

Green Clay, the American soldier, was born in Virginia in 1757, and died in Kentucky in 1826. He was a cousin of Henry Clay. He went to Kentucky early in life and there acquired a fortune as surveyor. He filled many local offices, was a member of the convention that ratified the Federal constitution, of the Kentucky constitutional convention of 1799, and served for many years in the state legislature. On March 16, 1813, Governor Shelby commissioned him a brigadier-general, and in May of that year, when General Harrison was besieged by the British at Fort Meigs, on the Maumee river, Clay came to his relief with 3,000 volunteers. He was left in command of the Fort and successfully defended it against a combined attack of British and Indians.

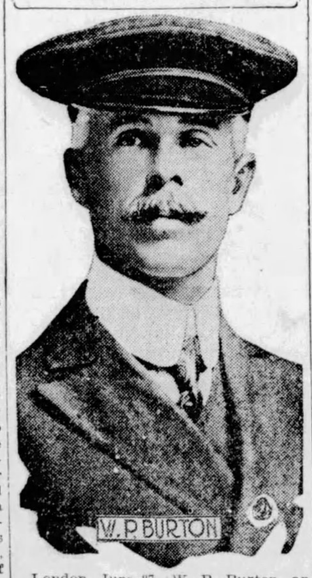
MISCELLANEOUS

L. M. W., Kempton, Ind.—In 1897 the old frigate "Constitution" was roofed in at the Boston navy yard and has since been used as a barrack ship.

V. D. B., Summersville, W. Va.—That portion of the brain which is rich in fibres is call white matter. These carry sensations.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

Will Captain Lipton Boat for Next Race



London, June 27.—W. P. Burton, an amateur yachtsman, has been elected to sail the Shamrock IV. in the international yacht race for the America's cup in 1914. Sir Thomas Lipton has just made the choice and believes he has picked a skilled skipper. Capt. Burton will endeavor to meet with better luck than Captain Barr.

ON THE SCARLET FIELD OF GETTYSBURG

The Most Sanguinary Single Conflict of the Civil War and Only Battle Fought on Northern Soil During the Four Years of Gallant Struggle.

By George H. Picard.

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FOR the north, the period just preceding the battle of Gettysburg was charged heavily with gloom and uncertainty as to the future. For the south it was a moment of strong encouragement and lively hope.

For two years hostilities had been carried on with appalling expenditure of life and treasure and the tremendous and exhausting effort which had been made by the federal armies to arrive at decisive result had brought only lamentable failure.

The campaign of 1862 had closed with Federal defeat both in the east and in the west. The campaign of 1863 had already opened with Confederate triumph at Chancellorsville. The Confederacy had demonstrated its ability to resist with the most crushing opposition further advance into its territory.

Men at the north spoke in whispers. In the south there was universal exultation, a land of glowing hearts fed on frequent victory. Overseas, there was but one opinion—henceforth two sovereign states would share dominion in the reapportioned republic. Foreign intervention in behalf of the new aspirant was imminent.

At the beginning of June, 1863, the Army of the Potomac, now under the command of General Joseph Hooker, lay on the north side of the Rappahannock, in Virginia. Despite the splendid valor thrown away in five successive assaults at Fredricksburg and the later sickening memory of the fearful struggle in the woods around Chancellorsville, this veteran force still maintained its admirable discipline, and was ready, hopeful, even confident. It was composed of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Eleventh, Twelfth and the cavalry corps, a mighty aggregation of 83,900 infantry and artillery and 10,800 cavalry.

The opposing Confederate force was approximately equal to that of its adversary. From the best sources it appears to have been about 70,000 infantry and artillery and 10,000 cavalry, the flower of the southern militant body, all under the command of leaders who were competent and zealous to do heroic deeds.

Early in June, the Federal commander was notified by his scouts that General Lee's army was moving toward the Blue Ridge. That meant that an aggressive advance was designed, and Hooker sent Pleasonton with his hard riders to make certain of the situation. The Federal cavalrymen crossed the river and found themselves face to face with one of the most dashing troops of mounted men ever assembled—General J. E. B. Stuart's command, 12,000 strong.

Gen. Lee's Plan Discovered.

Fighting began without delay. From sunrise until evening these mounted men fought desperately on the plains around Brandy Station. It was one of the most brilliant cavalry battles of history. In one of the charges Stuart's official papers were captured by the Federals. Among these was discovered an order signed by General Lee for an advance into Pennsylvania. With this knowledge in their possession, the Federal troops rejoined the main army on the other side of the river.

Then the great race northward was begun. Hooker moved on to Fairfax and Manassas, while his keen opponent led his men into the Shenandoah valley. To the dashing Stuart was assigned the double duty of protecting the flank of Lee's army and keeping a vigilant watch on the movements of the enemy.

But fortune was with the Federal troopers who were sent to frustrate Stuart. On June 17, at Aldie, a little hamlet in the valley, the Federal cavalry in force attacked the Confederates and after three days of severe fighting drove them to the Blue Ridge. A reconnoissance to the top of a mountain made by these victorious troopers resulted in the discovery of General Lee's entire army in the Shenandoah valley and getting ready to cross the Potomac river.

At this critical period the Federal army was given a new commander. Relations between General Halleck, the general-in-chief at Washington, and General Hooker became strained to the breaking point, and the latter resigned. General George G. Meade, of the Fifth Corps, was assigned to the command and the army continued its march northward.

The Confederate army crossed the river at various points. On June 26, with General Gordon's brigade of his division, General Jubal A. Early rode into Gettysburg, to the astonishment and consternation of the dwellers of that staid and peaceful community. He made a peremptory demand for money and supplies, but before his order could be complied with he departed suddenly and the wondering inhabitants breathed freely again.

But they were not to escape so easily. On the night of June 29, General John Buford saw the Confederate camp fires, reported to General Reynolds and was ordered to advance with his troopers to Gettysburg. As he entered the town at noon of the following day he met a Confederate brigade with a wagon train which had come to collect the supplies which Early had demanded. The Confederates withdrew, and the Federal cavalry camped on the Chambersburg pike west of the town.

Buford—a Kentuckian with much military ability—after looking over the ground critically, made up his mind that Gettysburg was to be the scene of a great battle. "In the morning," he said to one of his staff, 'they will come booming on, three lines deep, and we shall have to fight like devils to hold this position."

Buford's prediction was verified. On June 28, at Chambersburg, General Lee learned from a scout that the Federal army had not only crossed the river, but was actually at the very heels of his troops. He at once began to concentrate his forces east of the South mountain, and the mighty armies which had met upon so many indecisive fields were soon face to face at Gettysburg.

Firing the First Shot.

One of Buford's men, a cavalry picket, fired the first shot of the battle. Through the mist of early morning on Wednesday, July 1, Buford's vigilant lookout discovered the advance of General Heth's division, which had broken camp at five o'clock. The picket rode forward to reconnoiter and was hailed by the Confederate advance guard. Without pausing to reply, he galloped back and from behind a bridge abutment fired the first shot of the most destructive battle of the Civil War.

Soon the two lines met and became hotly engaged. The Confederates had the advantage in numbers, the Federals in position. The Pennsylvania men were first to move into line. They were met by the Second Mississippi, and soon the fighting became furious. The commander of the First corps, the gallant Reynolds, was struck in the head by a bullet and almost instantly killed. He was the idol of his troops and he fell upon the soil of his native state.

General Abner Doubleday succeeded to the command of the corps. The Mississippi men pushed bravely forward. Seasoned veterans and fired with the enthusiasm of recent victory as they were, they were driven by superior numbers and suffered great loss, a large proportion of the regiments becoming prisoners and the Second leaving its colors in the hands of the enemy.

At 11 o'clock the undaunted Heth reformed his line. Two hours later General Ewell arrived with part of his troops and took command. Then for a time Confederate prowess secured the ascendency. At about four o'clock, the Confederate troops advanced for what proved to be their final attack and drove the Federals from the field and took possession of it.

Hancock Fortifies Cemetery Ridge.

About this time, General Hancock, who had been ordered by Meade to assume Howard's command, took up a strong position on Cemetery Ridge, south of the town, and fortified it quickly. The battle was over for the day, both sides having suffered tremendous losses in killed and wounded.

Nightfall found the Federal army in a perilous situation. It had repulsed the final assaults of General Lee's veterans, but at a fearful cost. The entire Federal front had been beaten back to the position assigned to it early in the morning. The Third and Fourth corps had been terribly depleted. The Confederate commander had pushed around the Federal right and seized a part of its line, holding an open gateway through which his troops could be advanced to secure the Baltimore pike.

During the night almost the whole of each army was brought on the field. The remainder arrived next day, although Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps did not come until toward night.

At sunrise on the 2nd of July the Federal position formed a long, convex line, beginning at Culp's Hill and ending at Round Top. General Daniel E. Sickles, with the Third corps, held ground in advance and to the north of Little Round Top, his line following roughly the angle formed by the junction of the Emmittsburg road and the crossroad leading east of the Federal position. At the crossing was a peach orchard, and between the crossing and the ridge along which Meade's men were intrenched, there was a wood north of the road and a wheat field south of it.

Lee's line, also concave, was much longer and thinner. Longstreet was on the right, A. P. Hill in the center and Ewell on the left. According to many southern authorities, Lee and Longstreet were not at one in this arrangement. The former was determined to attack, although the latter advocated another plan—he wanted to maneuver the Federals out of their position and get the Confederate army between Meade and Washington.

Lee Determined to Fight.

General Lee, however, with perhaps a more soldierly spirit, was in favor of bringing on an immediate battle, and he gave orders to Longstreet to make the principal assault. For some reason which has never been made entirely clear and about which there has been much discussion, Longstreet did not begin the battle on the Confederate right until 4 o'clock.

When the attack was made, however, it was not lacking in vigor. There has never been any adverse criticism on that point from those who have blamed the energetic Longstreet for his apparent tardiness in bringing on the fight.

The conflict was fierce, the angle at the peach orchard was broken in and the outmatched Federals were forced to abandoned their advanced position and fall back upon their main line along Cemetery Ridge. But despite the most strenuous effort the Confederates were not able to carry Round Top and Little Round Top, points of the most vital strategic value on the Federal left.

It was a day surcharged with the sickening events of battle. In the defense of Little Round Top, which General Warren had occupied just in time to repel the .urious advance of the Confederates, two Federal generals, Weed and Hazlett, were killed, and another, Vincent, was mortally wounded. General Sickles was also incapacitated during the engagement.

It does not come within the scope of this brief reminder of the most sanguinary conflict of the civil war to refer to instances of individual heroism or to retell the tales of personal valor on the field which alone make the record of war inspiriting. It may be said, however, that on that General Meade made perfectly clear his right to the title of capable general. Few commanders have shown more resolution in fighting an apparently lost battle. In comparison with previous experiences of the Army of the Potomac, his soldierly ability stands out in bold relief. His energy and skill in stopping the gaps through which the oncoming legions of his enemy were streaming in compelled the admiration even of those who suffered most from it—the leaders on the other side.

Praise From Sir Hubert.

Even Halleck, the captious Halleck—the general-in-chief who seldom exchanged his critical attitude for one of commendation—relaxed sufficently to say: "You handled your troops in that battle as well as, if not better than, any general has handled his army during the war. You brought all your forces into action at the right time and place, which no commander of the Army of the Potomac has done before."

Nevertheless, nightfall of July 2, 1863, found the Army of the Potomac in a situation which demanded the most careful and solicitous consideration. True, the final assaults of the enemy had been repulsed, but at the fearful cost of 12,000 men. The entire Federal front had been beaten back to the position assigned it in the morning.

It was a gloomy company which Meade called together that night to talk over the situation and to make plans for the morrow. All the corps commanders were present, but there was little discussion. It was practically the unanimous opinion that there could be no retrograde movement; that the struggle must be continued on existing lines. In the face of the fearful responsibility resting on them these men remained silent. Meade was not less determined than the others.

When the firing had closed on the night of the second day's battle, General Lee held the opinion that he was at the point of victory. He expressed this belief to his corps commanders, all of whom agreed with him except Longstreet. The latter dissented from the general opinion, and still declared that it would be hazardous to continue to fight in the present position.

Both armies had indeed lost heavily, but the balance was in favor of the Confederates. Several divisions were still fresh and the artillery was practically intact. Stuart had now come up with his cavalry and Imboden had also arrived. Lee was firm in the opinion that the chances were more than ever in his favor.

Sees No Sign of Victory.

Longstreet still held out against further direct attack on the part of the Confederate army. "My troops had driven back heavy columns and had encountered a force three or four times their number, but we had really accomplished little toward victorious results," he says in his account of the affair. "Our success of the first day had led us into battle on the second and the batle on the second was to lead us into the terrible and hopeless slaughter on the third."

On the night of July 2, Longstreet sent to the Confederate extreme right to make a reconnoissance in that direction, hoping still that General Lee might concludet o move around the Federal left, but the latter remained unshaken in his determination to continue the battle at daybreak.

The morning of the 3rd broke clear and promised a day on which there would be no interference of the elements in the tragedy which was to follow. The Confederate forces still occupied Seminary Ridge and the Federals held the range stretching from Round Top to Cemetery Hill and around Culp's Hill. The latter were concentrated, while the former were stretched out in a long and somewhat broken line.

It was not until 1 o'clock in the afternoon that everything was in readiness for the attack. Then the signal guns broke the stillness and immediately 150 Confederate cannon perched on Seminary Hill burst into a deafening roar. Almost immediately this was answered by an even more terrific bombardment from Cemetery Ridge.

It is the testimony of living eye-witnesses that this cannonade presented one of the most magnificent battle scenes of the civil war. Looking up the valley toward Gettysburg, the hills on either side were crowned with flame and smoke as 300 guns, about equally divided between the two ridges, discharged their iron hail. It was the most splendid artillery spectacle of the century.

The damage done, however, was not commensurate with the display. Neither the Federal nor the Confederate artillery was seriously damaged. After about two hours the firing ceased on the Federal side. Although this was on account of a desire to save ammunition, it was misconstrued by the artillerists on Seminary Hill into Federal defeat.

Pickett's Famous Advance.

Believing that the moment to strike was at hand, General Pickett's division, numbering 5,000 men, was ordered forward, supported on the right by Wilcox and on the left by Pettigrew, each in command of about 5,000 men. The attack was to be made on the Federal center, which was now under the command of General Hancock.

This famous charge is acknowledged by all military experts to have been one of the most dashing and thrilling movements in the history of warfare. The men advanced steadily in three columns, in the face of a deadly artillery fire, promptly filling up the gaps laid open in their lines by the Federal shells. When they had reached a point about 300 yards from the Federal line, they were met by the musketry of the Federal infantry, withheld until it proved most effective.

The outcome was as fatal as it was inevitable. Pettigrew's advance was swept into utter demoralization. Wilcox's men, bewildered by the relentless storm of shot and shell, veered to the left and dropped behind. Pickett's men, with the frenzy of desperation, pressed on, and at last came to a hand-to-hand conflict with their opponents.

Fighting madly in the face of the fearful odds, these scattered remnants of the flower of Confederate chivalry actually carried the first Federal line, but they could go no farther. They were driven back to the Confederate lines, showers of death-dealing bullets following in their wake.

According to the best authorities they returned to their fellows with only a paltry third of their original numbers. Of Pickett's three brigade commanders, Garnett was killed instantly, Armistead was mortally wounded and Kemper was severely injured. General Hancock, on the Federal side, was badly wounded, and many able officers were killed.

While the main battle was at its hottest stage, sharp cavalry combats were going on between both flanks of the army. On the Federal left, the principal event was an attack made by General Kilpatrick on infantry and artillery in the woods and behind stone fences. In this engagement General Farnsworth was killed. On the right there was a sanguinary conflict between Stuart's four brigades and Gregg's three. Finally the Federals were pressed back and Hampton, emerging from the timber, charged, sword in hand, facing a destructive artillery fire—for the falling back of the Federal cavalry had uncovered the union batteries.

A Closing Cavalry Fight.

The assailants were met by Custer's men, and a hand-to-hand melee followed, in which Hampton was severely wounded and the charge repulsed. Thus the battle of Gettysburg closed as it had opened—with a brisk cavalry fight.

General Lee now recognized the futility of his attempt to dislodge Mead from his position. He intrenched a line from Oak Hill to Peach Orchard, started all his wagon trains to the Potomac in advance and followed with his army on the night of the Fourth of July, which had been the most eventful national holiday he had ever passed.

General Meade has been accused of too great deliberation in his pursuit of the retreating Confederate commander. The most authoritative modern writers on both sides hold him blameless in this respect. As soon as it was made certain that the Confederate army was in retreat, Gregg was started in pursuit and the infantry—now reduced to about 47,000 effectives—followed as speedily as the weather would permit.

A Masterly Retreat.

There is little doubt that Meade was fully alive to the vital importance of striking the retreating army before it could get over the Potomac. But his wary opponent made all his efforts futile. Soon after he had ordered an advance of the Federal forces, on the morning of July 14, Meade found that General Lee and his army were safe on the other side of the river.

The losses of both armies at Gettysburg were appalling. The revised returns of the Army of the Potomac show 3,072 killed, 14,497 wounded, 5,434 missing; total, 23,003. The corresponding returns for the army of Northern Virginia show 3,592 killed, 12,700 wounded, 5,150 missing; total, 20,451. It is admitted that the returns for the Confederate side are not absolutely correct.

It was a battle in which the military honor of the defeated was not tarnished by the failure to win. It was indeed a failure which carried no discredit with it. At the points of contact the losers in the struggle were almost always the uppermost. On July 1, 18,000 Federal combatants were pitted against at least 25,000 Confederates, and were worsted. On the following day, Longstreet's 15,000 men overcame Sickles' 10,000, but were brought to a standstill when a larger force was brought up.

In many respects the Confederate advantage was unmistakable. Lee had much more favorable ground for his artillery. His soldiers were all veterans. His troops were better organized. They were commanded by officers who had already given evidence of their ability.

The disadvantages under which the Confederate army fought were equally marked. They were the same as those encountered by the Federal army in Virginia—they were surrounded by enemies, and they were not by choice, but by necessity of the situation, the assailants on the field selected by their opponents.

A MEMORIAL TO THE WOMEN SUGGESTED

Gettysburg, Pa., June 28.—Commander-in-Chief Beers, of the Grand Army of the Republic, in addressing the encampment of the Pennsylvania civil war veterans, advocated the erection of a memorial to the women of the civil war period.

"We must not forget," he said, "the mothers who gave up their sons, the wives who watched their husbands go to war, many of them never to return; or the sweethearts who saw their lovers march away and with them their hopes for all the years to come. This country will not have paid even a small portion of an undying debt until a memorial that shall not perish is erected to their memory."

A THOUSAND YEARS OF GOLD

LIKE a tale out of the Arabian Knights is the opinion given recently by an expert on the future of Alaskan gold mining, only this expert bases his opinion on facts whereas the oriental story teller specialized in fancy. But the testimony given by Falcom Joslin before the senate committee at Washington is doubly interesting because it exceeds the imagination of the wildest fancy while being based on the facts of the case. Mr. Joslin's testimony from the "Engineering and Mining Journal" follows:

"In my judgment the placer mining industry in Alaska will last a thousand years, the area suitable for placer mining is so enormous What we are working there now is only the gravels that will carry from $3 to $10 a yard. You cannot work gravels that carry less than that, but once we have transportation there, we can work gravels such as they do in California, which carry 7 cents per yard, we have got so nearly an unlimited area of it that no man can foresee the end of that industry in Alaska There are 20 or 30 dredges in the Seward Peninsula There is one dredge at Fairbanks and another in the Circle City district. There are eight or ten dredges in the Klondike, which is identically similar country. They operate about 150 days per year. They usually work up until November, beginning in May. They are working gravels at Dawson, which is an older camp than Fairbanks, that carry 50 cents per yard. And in some cases they are working gravel by dredging as low as 40 cents per yard at a profit in the Dawson camp. We will eventually, when our transportation gets better, be able to work gravels of that tenor in Alaska.

"One great thing is that nearly the whole area of Alaska is gold bearing. There are placers and quartz. It has been said, and I believe that statistic and explorations of the eological survey show it, that you could go from the extreme southeast of Alaska, at Ketchikan, where there are important mines, along this route by way of Hains, clear out to Nome, a distance of 2,000 miles in a straight line, and that in every 20-mile section along that route you could develop gold mines. It is infinitely greater than any other area of gold country that has ever been found in the world."

TRADE FOLLOWS THE LOAN

IF you knew where there was a lot of "easy money," wouldn't you go after it?

It is no boast nowadays to say you have been round the world; it's a shorter and less hazardous trip than the New York to Niagara journey was a hundred years ago. I've been round the world, and the South American east coast shows more signs of facile currency than any other site covered by a tourists' agency, writes Granville Fortescue, in the Metropolitan.

Money flows like a murmuring river to the ocean, and after it reaches the coast, it sweeps over to England, Germany, France, Italy and Spain. There is, however, no current of coin coming north to the United States, and why?

England is the paramount nation in the industrial world of Argentina today. Why? Because English capital has financed the country. Argentina is the paramount nation, commercially, of South America today. Why? Because it has the greatest railroad mileage. Who built the railroads? The English. You see the simplicity of the sequence.

You could never calculate how much has been collected in dividends by the impressive "British Investor" since the advent of the first English engineer in Argentina.

You can, however, find out with little effort how much the British merchants sell each year in Argentina—something over a hundred millions last year. Does not that prove that trade follows the loan? And they have been selling in this proportion for the last 15 years. There is a lesson to be learned from this and the sooner we of the United States learn it, the more satisfactory will be our position in South America. If the United States is to be the determining influence in the commercial destinies of Latin-American countries, North American capital must finance South American industrial progression. It is only reasonable to expect that the English, German and French companies building railroads, erecting electric lighting plants, constructing breakwaters and carrying out any other of the many improvements that mark the advances of South American countries, should place their contracts with their respective countrymen.

The Two Outside

WHEN papa is cross or mamma is "difficult," or when Matilda Svenssen smashes crockery and sister Ethelinda leaves the table in tears, turn down the lights or else put pretty shades over them. Then all will be smiles. Prof. J. R. Cravath, addressing an "illuminating engineers'" convention out in Chicago recently, says so.

He says that glaring lights are more or less an abomination and not only make a room and its occupants hideous, but are cruel tests of the latter's temper.

You see, in early days, when candles were used to light rooms, there was a lot of expense involved. And the house that burned the largest number of candles and whose rooms shone the brightest was the house which proclaimed its owners as richest.

Then came kerosene lamps and again the greater the glare the greater the show of wealth. The same with gas and then with electricity until prosperity and glaring lights went hand in hand.

But now—

Let's get back to Prof. Cravath. He says a bright light causes eye strain. Also that eye strain causes bad nerves. Also that had nerves cause bad temper.

Nor does the mere coloring of the light's globe solve the problem. And various colored lights lead to various forms of mental misery.

For example, green and red lights cause melancholy, Prof. Cravath thinks, perhaps by casting unearthly hues upon the countenances of one's fellows. In fact, all bright lights, colored or plain, are conducing to blues or crossness or shortness of patience.

Therefore, advises Prof. Cravath, have softly shaded lights in the home. And insensibly you will change strife to calm, you and yours will grow peaceful and gentle, and harmony will reign.

Maybe it is all true. Maybe not. Anyhow, except for reading purposes, it costs little to try, and it makes your rooms prettier.

A Drop of Dew.

See how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
(Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born
Round in itself incloses)
And in its little globe's extent,
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scaretouching where it lies,
Scare touching where it lies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls and insecure,
Trembling lest it grow impure;
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former hight,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green;
And recollecting its own light
Does in its pure and circling thoughts express
The greater heaven in a heaven less.
—Marvel (1650.)

Glass Most Elastic Body.

Glass is one of the most interesting, as well as one of the most peculiar things, in the world. It has curious add contradictory qualities, and many astonishing phenomena are connected with it. Brittle and breakable as it is, yet it exceeds almost all other bodies in elasticity.

If two glass balls are made to strike each other at a given force, the recoil, by virtue of their elasticity, will be nearly equal to their original impetus. Connected with its brittleness are some very singular facts.

Take a hollow sphere, with a hole, and stop the hole with the finger, so as to prevent the external and internal air from communicating and the sphere will fly to pieces by the mere heat of the hand.

Vessels made of glass that have been suddenly cooled possess the curious property of being able to resist hard blows given to them from without, but will be instantly shivered by a small particle of flint dropped into their cavities.

This property seems to depend upon the comparative thickness of the bottom; the thicker the bottom is, the more certainty of breakage by this experiment.

Some of these vessels, it is stated, have resisted the stroke of a mallet given with sufficient force to drive a nail into wood, and heavy bodies, such as musket balls, pieces of iron, bits of wood, jasper, stone, etc., have been cast into them from a height of two or three feet without any effect, yet a fragment of flint not larger than a pea dropped from a height of three inches made them fly to pieces.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, June 23.

SENATE.—Unanimous consent to consider the Alaska railroad bill was refused. Senator Perkins introduced a bill of the retreating Confederate commander. The most authoritative modern writers on both sides hold him blameless in this respect. As soon as it was made certain that the Confederate army was in retreat, Gregg was started in pursuit and the infantry—now reduced to about 47,000 effectives—followed as speedily as the weather would permit.

HOUSE.—The house sat in joint session with the senate to hear President Wilson read his currency message. Representative Kahn introduced a resolution on the department of justice to furnish all the papers relating to the postponement of white slave prosecutions in San Francisco. A bill for the Hetch Hetchy water works for San Francisco was agreed upon by the public lands committee and introduced. Representative Temple introduced a bill providing for Gifford Pinchot's plan for a national rivers commission.

Tuesday, June 24.

SENATE.—Senate was not in session. Democratic caucus continued its work on the tariff bill, agreeing to vote today not later than 4 o'clock on the sugar and wool schedules.

HOUSE.—The judiciary committee determined on hearings in the Diggs-Caminetto white slave and the Western Fuel prosecutions. The Harrison bill designed to prohibit the importation of opium for other than medicinal purposes was passed. Representative Holland introduced a bill authorizing a $3,000,000 dry dock to be constructed at Norfolk, and also a bill to appropriate $500,000 for reapir and construction equipment for the big battleships. Representative Fitzgerald spoke in favor of a proposition to enlarge the committee on appropriations and give it control of all the general government supply legislation. Adjourned until Thursday.

Thursday, June 26.

HOUSE—Judiciary committee failed to get a quorum to act on Kahn resolutions for investigation of California cases, and will meet tomorrow.

SENATE—Passed the Newlands bill to amend the Erdman act and create a special board to arbitrate disputes between railroads and their employes.

Friday, June 27.

SENATE—Caucus continued work on the tariff bill. Passed bill to create a commission on vocational education. Confirmed nominations, including that of Henry Van Dyke as minister to the Netherlands and Luxemburg, and several hundred postmasters and naval promotions.

HOUSE—Passed the senate bill to increase number of midshipmen in the naval academy. Bill to create an additional federal judgeship for eastern Pennsylvania held up by filibuster. Judiciary committee again failed to get a quorum to take up the McNab-Caminetti case.

Saturday, June 28.

SENATE — Transacted no business and adjourned until Wednesday, July 2. Caucus continued work on tariff bill and voted down all amendments to free list woolen goods.

HOUSE—Judiciary committee examined in private all papers in Caminetti case. Leaders agreed on series of three-day recesses for next two weeks. Public lands committee continued hearing on Hetch Ketchy water project. Filibuster renewed on bill for additional federal judge for eastern Pennsylvania. Adjourned to Wednesday, July 2.

PERVERSE ENGLISH FIGURES

Many Lopsided Bodies Charged by Tailors to Playing Golf.

London Mirror.

The Englishman's figure is changing. Besides developing on large lines, particularly in the shoulders, it is showing a strong tendency to develop more on one side than the other. It is, in fact, becoming lop-sided. Oddly enough, the left side in very many cases is becoming larger than the right. The proportion of left-sided lop-sidedness is more than can be accounted for by the fact that many people are left-handed.

What is the reason? One suggestion has been made that golf develops the left shoulder more than the right, but as a matter of fact, the right-handed golf player develops the right shoulder and the left-handed the left shoulder. Several theories have been advanced while investigating the complaint of a "sufferer," who writes to say that the craze for athletics producing over-development of the body muscles is one of the reasons why clothes so often fit badly.

"The athletic man seldom has a smartly-fitting suit," he writes. "I have recently had a course of athletic exercises and have acquired what might be called the 'erect figure' and full chest. My new clothes are now so uncomfortably ill fitting that it is almost painful to wear them."

"Men's figures are certainly changing," said a London tailor. "Taking the average, I should think that during the last few years chest measurements are at least one or two inches bigger. There is undoubtedly in men's figures today a tendency to lop-sidedness—the muscles of one side of the body are more developed than the other.

"It is frequently the case that a man's left shoulder and the adjacent muscles are of bigger girth than the right. And the proportion is too big to be accounted for by the fact that some people are left-handed. Only a skillful tailor can cut a good suit for such a man." Can it be that this lop-sidedness is produced by playing golf?

One of the experts of the Tailor and Cutter said that there was a distinct tendency for men's figures to be bigger on one side than the other. "A good tailor can get over this defect by taking careful measurements," he said. "The tailor, as it were, has to 'diagnose' his client's shape and make experiments. The athlete is certainly a most difficult man to fit—he is often the despair of a conscientious tailor."

The Canadian Pacific railway has just completed its fifth planting of trees along the right-of-way in the prairie provinces. The first trees were planted five years ago, and are now reported to be from 8 to 15 feet high.

CANCER FREE TREATISE. The Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Ind., has published a booklet which gives interesting facts about the cause of a Cancer, also tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. Write for it today, mentioning this paper.

GETTYSBURG CAMP IS OVERFLOWING

Five Thousand More Men Than Expected Pour in Upon Tented City.

The name Gettysburg, for 50 years synonymous of all the horror and all the honor of battle, blood and bravery, today the symbol of a new patriotism, of sectional fraternity and national solidarity, is the word uppermost in the minds of all Americans at this time. Fifty years ago 180,000 Americans, rent into two parties, and commanded by the most astute generals of the age, were playing for position as a preliminary to the world's greatest battle.

Half a century afterwards the Blue and the Gray, united permanently by the extinction of passion and a common loyalty, welded together again for all time by a foreign war, are again upon the battlefield, honoring each other and honored by a grateful country. "It is not what we say here, but what they did here," said the Great Emancipator upon that blood-drenched field almost before the shock of battle had died away. And thus did Lincoln pay tribute to the unexampled heroism of Blue and Gray alike, all Americans.

Gettysburg, July 1.—Despite the strenuous efforts of the regular army to do impossible things, thousands of veterans spent the night on Gettysburg field with nothing between them and the stars but their clothes and their courage and nothing between them and the hard earth but a little more of the same thing. It wasn't the fault of the regulars and it wasn't the fault of the veterans. The railroads poured the thousands into Gettysburg as best they could, but train after train that was looked for early came crawling in near midnight and afterwards. They kept coming from that hour until long after daybreak and shortly after breakfast the rush began again. Major Normoyle, of the quartermaster's department, U. S. A., who has the pulse of the vast camp under his fingers, did not go to bed, nor did the little force of army officers.

55,000 in Camp.

Major Normoyle declared today that probably 55,000 veterans would be on the field by night, 5,000 more than have been looked for. Although half that number would fill the camp in comfortable fashion, Major Normoyle said he would see that every one was taken care of; that nobody went hungry and that blankets and tents were found for all.

Many of the men of '63 spent the night around the fires, near the cook tents, talking and trying to forget that their bones were not so young as they used to be and that the ground was much harder than it was 50 years ago.

Although Ruford and Wheeler had a skirmish near Gettysburg 50 years ago yesterday, it was on July 1 that the battle began which forced the union troops out of Gettysburg back toward Cemetery Ridge.

Col. J. M. Schoenmaker, chairman of the Pennsylvania Gettysburg commission, was the presiding officer for today's meeting in the big tent and Secretary of War Garrison, Gov. Tener of Pennsylvania, Commander-in-Chief Alfred B. Beers of the G. A. R., and Commander-in-Chief General Bennett H. Young of the United Confederate veterans were listed as the principal speakers.

One Veteran Dies.

Otto L. Stamm, of Almond, N. Y., a member of the 27th Massachusetts infantry, died during the night of apoplexy.

The army surgeons have been surprised at the endurance shown by the veterans and by the fact that no more of them have succumbed to the heat.

"When you think that only a few score men in nearly 50,000, all of them near 70-year mark, have been taken to the hospital and that only four have died, you will see that it is a remarkable record."

The army doctors and Dr. Samuel Dixon, of the Pennsylvania state health department today continued their effort to have the sale of liquor in the town of Gettysburg stopped. Col. Bietler, a member of the state commission, announced that Gov. Tener could not declare martial law in Gettysburg and close the saloons. A last appeal will be made to the Gettysburg authorities.

There were several women from the village in the tent and six one-time school girls, gray haired and aged now, sang "Rally 'round the flag, boys," while veterans wept like boys, but with pride.

The six women who sang the battle songs were those who thronged the streets of Gettysburg after the advance guard of the southern army left it 50 years ago. On that night when Buford's men came riding into the village on the heels of Wheeler's men in gray, maidens strewed flowers along the streets and bells in the churches pealed out the news of the coming of the blue and the town went wild.

Women Sing to Veterans.

Of all the scores of girls who welcomed the vanguard of Meade, only a half dozen could be found and they stood white haired, with tears in their eyes, on a platform in the big tent and sang to the weeping soldiers in the seats below.

"I'm afraid we can't sing like we sang 50 years ago," said the matronly woman who acted as leader as she led the way up the steps to the platform.

"We do not care; just sing again," shouted the veterans.

As the first notes of the wartime melody came from them in quavering tones, veterans both of the north and of the south sat quiet with eyes fixed upon the singers. The hum of the chorus came from every side and old men wept openly.

One bearded veteran of an Illinois regiment rose to tell of an incident that happened on that other July night.

"As we rode through Gettysburg that last time," he said, "I remember a little girl stopped my horse and said she wanted to give me a bouquet. I got down and she pinned a ribbon—a little purple ribbon to my coat. 'Wear that in the next battle you get into.'

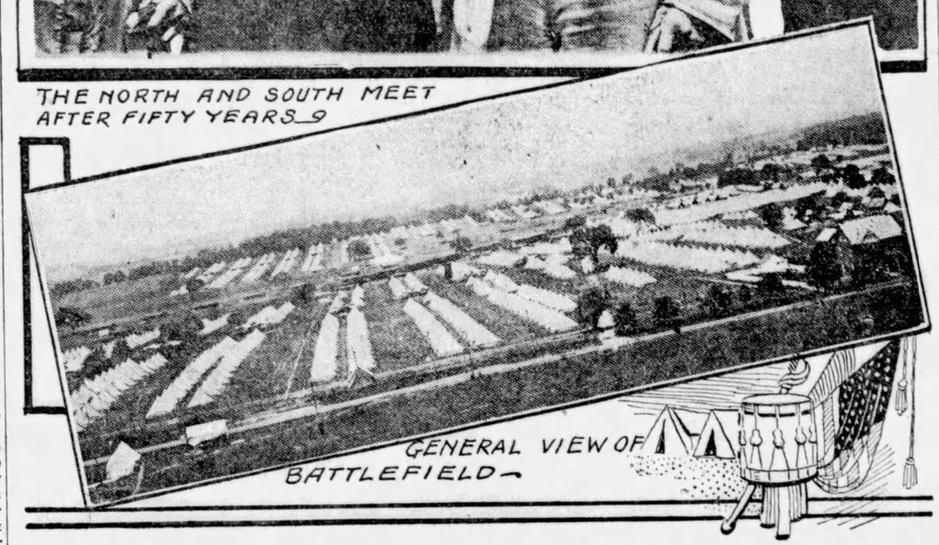
"We're not going to have any more battles around here," I told her.

"'Yes, you are,' she insisted. 'Those hills back there are full of rebels.'

"I wore that purple ribbon through the battle. I never saw the girl afterwards, but I've kept that ribbon and it's back at home in Illinois today.

...ping Back a Half Century to Say Howdy

THE NORTH AND SOUTH MEET AFTER FIFTY YEARS—9



GENERAL VIEW OF BATTLEFIELD—

STORY OF GETTYSBURG TOLD BY BLADE CORRESPONDENT ON FIELD 50 YEARS AGO

The following is a dispatch printed in The Blade Monday evening, July 6, 1863. The report was sent by their special correspondent to The Blade and the New York Times from the battlefield at Gettysburg, July 3, after two days' fighting.

MY BRIEF dispatches regarded the desperate engagement of yesterday have hardly conveyed a true idea of its magnitude and character. We have now had two days' fighting. Nearly the whole of Wednesday was thus employed by the Fifth and Eleventh corps with varying success, they finally being obliged to fall back before greatly superior numbers.

This morning there were strong premonitions of an early engagement with the enemy in force, but as the day wore away and no positive exhibition was made by the enemy, we began to think that perhaps there would be no immediate battle after all. We were hardly in a condition to give battle, as all our dispositions had not been made, Gen. Meade not having arrived on the ground until 2 o'clock in the morning. The position of our forces after the fight of Wednesday was to the eastward and southward of Gettysburg, covering the Baltimore pike, the Taneytown and Emmittsburg roads and still being parallel with the latter. The formation of the ground on the right and center was excellent for defensive purposes. On our extreme left the ground sloped off until the position was no higher than the enemy's. The ground in front of our line was level, open country, interposed here and there with an orchard or a very small tract of timber, generally oak, with the underbrush cut away. During the day a portion of the troops threw up temporary breastworks and an abattis. Gen. Meade's headquarters were at an old house on the Taneytown road, immediately in rear of center.

Line Not Regular.

Our line was not regular in shape. Indeed, the center protruded out toward the enemy so as to form almost the two sides of a triangle. Before sundown Gen. Meade's headquarters proved to be the hottest place in the battlefield, so far as careless shelling was concerned.

Gen. Howard occupied, with his troops, a beautiful cemetery on a hill to the south of Gettysburg. Cannons thundered, horses pranced and men carelessly trampled over the remains of the dead. From this hill a beautiful view could be obtained of the valley and also of a goodly portion of the enemy's line of battle.

Our forces had all been concentrated on Tuesday night, save the Fifth and Sixth corps. The former arrived during the morning and the latter soon after noon. They were all massed immediately behind our center.

Whether or not it was Gen. Meade's intention to make the attack, I cannot say, but he was hardly ready for it before the afternoon of yesterday. The day had become almost dull. Skirmishers were now and then brisk and the sharpshooters in the steeples and belfries of the churches persistently blazed away at officers and artillery horses. It was by a sharpshooter in a barn just opposite Wadsworth's division, yesterday, that Capt. Stevens, of the Fifth Maine battery, got hit. A bullet passed through both legs below the knee, inflicting a severe but not dangerous wound.

At 3:30 o'clock, Gen. Meade had received sufficient assurances to justify him in the belief that the rebels were concentrating their forces on our left flank, which all felt to be secure under the protection of the invincible 3rd Corps. Our line was immediately strengthened on that flank Gen. Sickles' corps being sent to its support, and several batteries from the reserve being brought out and placed in position.

At about 4:30 P. M., the enemy sent its first compliments by a salvo of artillery, his first shells falling uncomfortably near Gen. Meade's Headquarters. From this hour forth to 8:30 o'clock, occured by all odds the most sanguinary engagement yet chronicled in the annals of the war considering its short duration. The artillery attack which was made by the enemy on the left and center was rapidly followed by the advance of his infantry. The Third corps received the attack with great coolness. The rebels at once made for our flank, and kept moving heavy columns in that direction. This necessitated support, which was quickly given by the Fifth corps. The division of Gen. Barnes being sent to the right and that of Gen. Ayres, regulars to the left, with Gen. Crawford in reserve.

A Fearful Battle.

The battle now became perfectly fearful. The armies engaged each other at very short range, and for 3 long hours the war of musketry was incessant. I have heard more noise louder crash in other battles, but I never saw or heard of such desperate tenacious fighting as took place on this flank. The enemy would often bring up suddenly a heavy column of men, and force our line back, only in turn to be forced back by our line of glittering steel. Our gallant columns covered themselves with glory over and over again. They fought a superior force in numbers. The dispositions of the enemy were very rapid for look where you would on that field a body of rebels would be advancing. Our dispositions were equally rapid, and the enemy found more than their equals in such gallant veterans as Sickles and Birney and Humphreys. At 6:30 o'clock Gen. Sickles was struck in the right leg by a piece of shell, and was borne from the field. The injury was so great that amputation became necesary, and was performed successfully the limb being taken off below the knee.

The struggle grew hotter and hotter. The Second corps was called on for aid, and though its own position was strongly threatened, yet the First division, formerly Gen. Hancock's, flung themselves into the fight with desperation, and after a long and obstinate conflict the enemy slowly and sullenly gave way. In this last charge the brigade of Gen. Caldwell, Second corps, and that of Col. Switzer, from the Fifth corps, won great honors. The charges made by our men deserve mention, but want of time forbids. The rebels made frequent attempts to capture our artillery, and at one time had Watson's battery in their possession, but it was retaken in a furious charge by Birney's division.

The battle lasted until fully 8:30 o'clock, when the enemy fell back to his old position, and left our veterans the ensanguined victors of that field. Our pickets were thrown out, and our lines covered most of the field, including a great number of the enemy's dead and wounded.

I visited some portions of the line by moonlight, and I can bear personal witness to the terrible ferocity of the battle. In front of some of the brigades, who had good protection from stone walls or fences, the rebel dead laid piled in lines like winrows of hay. In front of Gen. Webb's—the Philadelphia—brigade, they lay so thick as to literally cover the ground. Not far from here was found the body of Gen. Barksdale, that once haughty and violent rebel, who craved as a dying boon a cup of cold water and a stretcher from an ambulance boy. He is literally cut to pieces with wounds and must die. A great and magnificent feature of this fight is the splendid use of artillery. Though our line of battle was only a mile and a half long, yet almost every battery belonging to the army of the Potomac was more or less engaged. Every one of the reserve batteries were brought into action, the positions for use being numerous. The enemy also used artillery largely, but not to near so great an extent as we did. From this they suffered immensely, and especially on the left, where canister was largely used. I believe we lost no artillery, unless it was two or three disabled pieces, though it was very wonderful that we did not.

MAN TRIES HUNGER STRIKE

Suffragist Is Released From London Jail.

London, June 25.—Edwy Clayton, the chemist who was sentenced to 22 months' imprisonment June 17 for conspiracy in conjunction with the militant suffragette leaders, was released from jail yesterday in a very weak condition as the results of a "hunger strike."

It appears from statements made by released prisoners that many convicts who are not suffragists have followed the example of the suffragettes.

Three men in one of the prisons have for some weeks declined to eat and are being forcibly fed.

KAISER'S BROTHER MAY COME

Possible Prince Henry May Compete in American Yacht Races.

Berlin, July 1. — Grand Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia, the kaiser's sailor brother, may revisit the United States later in the summer as a competitor in the yacht races off Marblehead.

PEOPLE TO COME BACK, SAYS TAFT

Will Retrace Their Steps Toward Representative Government.

Cincinnati, June 27.—Taking as his subject "The Relation of Popular Government to Business," former president William Howard Taft, professor at Yale university, yesterday delivered the principal address at the dedication of the new home of the chamber of commerce of this city.

"The reformers apparently ignore the necessity for economy and efficiency in the administration of public affairs," said the former president. "These supposed reformers are so radical that the fear of many is that the extremes will be reached which will destroy the permanence of popular government and also individual liberties."

Taft praised the anti-trust laws of the country, voicing the hope that the business men responsible for the conduct of large corporations will be compelled so to operate their business that they not only would cheapen the product, but also treat their rivals fairly.

In speaking of the initiative, referendum and recall, Taft said:

"If we find, as are sure to find, that the initiative and referendum and the recall will practically destroy representative government to the extent of placing power in the hands of a dwindling and not wise minority, we will find it through hard experience. But the people may be entrusted to retrace their steps and come back to the representative and popular government plan."

The former president stated that he was not averse to strikes if their object was to place the manufacturer and employe on a more common ground on which to deal with each other.

Last night a banquet was held at which Gov. James M. Cox was the principal speaker. Gov. Cox's speech was a defense of the Warnes taxation law, passed by the last general assembly and upon which efforts are being made to call a referendum vote.

The governor intimated that the liability insurance companies who fought the Green compulsory workingmen's compensation bill last winter are behind the referendum on the Warnes act.

"If the liability companies had gone to the people this fall with only one measure and that relating to insurance, their self-interest would have been so manifest as to render the whole procedure a farce,' said the governor.

The governor condemned the "insolence" of European liability companies in attempting to call referendums on administration measures, in their fight to annul the provisions of the Green act. He warmly defended the merits of the Warnes and Green acts.

WON'T NOMINATE NOVELIST

Washington, June 25.—President Wilson will withdraw his nomination of Meredith Nicholson, the Indiana novelist, to be minister to Portugal.

When objections were raised to the nomination on the ground that Nicholson was not a "good Democrat," the novelist urged the President to withdraw his name if it embarrassed him politically.

THE REUNION IN BRIEF

From general orders for the encampment and reunion is taken the following official information:

Scope and Plans—The celebration shall be a great reunion at Gettysburg from the north, south, east and west, of the veterans of the civil war, on July 1, 2, 3 and 4, 1913.

Host—Pennsylvania, this state providing all entertainment at Gettysburg during July 1, 2, 3 and 4, 1913, for 40,000 or more "honorably discharged veterans of the civil war," and she and the national government together, as provided by the act of congress of August 26, 1912, by each paying $150,000 for the war department with the $300,000 total, to create and maintain a great camp amidst the battlefield, complete in all its provisions of camp and garrison equipment, with all quartermaster, commissary, hospital and other necessary supplies ample for such 40,000 or more veterans.

Camp Accommodations—The camp comprises some 280 acres, starting about 200 yards from the High Water Mark monument on the battlefield, and lying to the southwest of the town and partly upon the scene of the first day's fight, consists of 5,000 tents each to hold eight veterans, each veteran being supplied with a separate cot, blanket and mess kit (the latter to become his property), each tent also to contain two hand basins, one water bucket and two lanterns for candles, and candles for each. Towels, soap and other toilet articles must be provided by the veteran himself. Meals to be served him at tables adjoining the kitchen at the end of each company street. His baggage must not include any trunk, but must be restricted to hand baggage only, the handling and care of which rest with him. To aid in prompt delivery, all mail matter and telegrams must not only be plainly addressed to the individual veteran, but also must in addition state "Veteran with the Maine delegation," or Massachusetts delegation," or whatever state delegation it may be. The Pennsylvania commission has charge of the order of exercises during the celebration; the physical control of the camp and grounds and the movements of troops and marching bodies therein will be in charge of the secretary of war.

SHIP COFFINS TO CARE FOR VETERANS WHO ARE TO DIE

Out of the tens of thousands of letters received by the Pennsylvania commission from old soldiers of both sides, only about 10 from either side expressed anything but ardent good feeling over the Blue and Gray reunion aspect. "Heart throbs," and pathos, and beauty of sentiment, and desire "to clasp a hand from across the line before I die" make many of these letters as stirring as a drum. They don't say much, but they say it strongly and simply, in trembling characters. "Enlisted in New York, discharged in Harrisburg, live in Halifax, and fought like hell in Gettysburg—can I come?" inquires one. Another explains: "Have put off writing because my wife is aged and ailing, but now I'm happy to say she is better, and wants me to go and look brave men in the eyes once more." There are ghosts of memories from Andersonville prison. "Wounded five times at Gettysburg serving with Company H of Sixtieth New York Infantry and am now in Alabama, but I can get there," writes another, "with a Johnny Reb friend to look after me." The ages are seldom under 72 and range to 86. It's not going to be an entirely gay and lightsome celebration.

Preparing for Second Mortality List.

It is a fact that a mortality of 6,000 is being prepared for at Gettysburg out of the 47,000. Word from the United Confederate Veterans is to the effect that they are forwarding 200 coffins against the estimated death rate. Rather grewsome it sounds. Coldly calculating does it seem that local undertakers should be making prodigious preparations for this peaceable living celebration of a past conflict. But for those who fought here, and whose blood makes the grass and red clover grow with unearthly luxuriance at Bloody Angle, one cannot understand on what more fitting ground their families could wish them to finish out their life. It is their ground now and forever.

Here's Bright News.

But here's bright news! One last clear chance will be given to the disappearing "war correspondent." Here in this cantonment of veterans he will be, now all is well over, placed at right of line, with stipulated rank, with privileges and favors he would have died a thousand deaths for in war time. He will be the guest of the state, like any officer, and tents will be pegged for him, headquarters will do his running, and with no censor interfering, wires will be strung to connect directly with his distant office—all as in some dream of the days of Forbes and McMahon, before war became secretive, like crime.

Although Creasy closed his "Fifteen Decisive Battles," written in 1851, with Waterloo, he never added Gettysburg to the list. Perhaps it was not regarded as "decisive," for the Rebellion lasted two years afterward. It was, however, a turning point—had Lee beaten Meade the north would have been in panic. But here are other details for comparison with Waterloo:

Waterloo—Napoleon. 71,947 men; 246 guns; lost, no record made. Wellington, 67,655 men, 156 guns. Blucher, 50,000 men; 104 guns. Allies lost 22,976 men.

Gettysburg—Lee, 85,000 men, 293 guns; lost, 20,451 men. Meade, 90,000 men, 212 guns, lost 23,603 men.

GETTYSBURG STEPS BACK 50 YEARS INTO HISTORY

Gettysburg, Pa., June 30.—Gettysburg stepped 50 years backward Sunday into the mist of history and looked again upon an army of blue and an army of gray, meeting at her door step to join in the semi-centennial celebration of the greatest battle of the war between the states and to show the world that scars are not so deep as the feeling of American brotherhood.

From early morning until long after sundown the veterans in blue and gray trooped into the little town which has slept so peacefully among its hills since Lee and Meade turned their legions southward so long ago.

More than 30 special trains came into the village during the day and thousands of veterans who tramped up from the Shenandoah on their last visit rode in the luxury of soft-backed coaches from Harrisburg, Baltimore and Washington. Instead of the roar of guns, the thunder of charging cavalry and the vocal tributes of the mule drivers that greeted them in the other days, they walked or rode through the quiet Sunday of a country town. Only the flags flying from every window, the city of tents in the distance and the crowds told that Gettysburg had come out of the usual into the extraordinary once more.

Thousands Walk to Camp.

From the station of the two railroads that come into the village is a good long mile to the camp of 5,000 tents, where the veterans are housed. Many of them made the trip by automobile or by carriage or in the friendly shelter of a "seeing Gettysburg" car, but thousands took their suit cases in hand and walked. The sun was scorching hot under a cloudless sky and many succumbed before they found their tents. There were no complaints, however, and the veterans seemed ashamed to acknowledge that a thing like heat could stop them.

"It's hot," said one old soldier last night, "but it isn't as hot as it was 50 years ago."

Although the regular army and the Gettysburg commission of the state could not cope with the heat, every possible arrangement for the comfort of the united armies had been made. The camp of brown army tents is under the direction of officers of the regular army. The streets of Gettysburg are under the grim scrutiny of the Pennsylvania constabulary and for the care of the sick, the army, the state and the Red Cross have made extensive preparations.

Comfort Rules Among Tents.

The camp itself lies on ground that has been baked as hard as brick and dried into dust by the winds that sweep between the hills, but its sanitation, its water supply and its plans for comfort and for the feeding of thousands of men have been made with the utmost care.

The tents fall westward with the slope of the ground from the Emmittsburg road to the point on Seminary ridge where the immortal charge of Pickett started on the third day of the fight. They cover the "peach orchard" and the "wheatfield" where thousands of men were lost, and part of the ground over which Pickett charged, but they do not reach to the Bloody Angle or to the base of Cemetery Ridge, from whose heights Meade's artillery poured out its merciless rain of grape and canister and cut to pieces the legions of Pickett.

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THE MARKETS

Toledo, June 30.—Wheat opened low on all options. Reports of rains throughout the northwest Saturday brought the prices down. There was a fair demand and trade was active

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	June 30.	June 28.
Cash	1.02		1.01½		1.02
July	90⅞	90⅞	90	90	91½
Sept.	92⅜	92⅜	92	91⅜	92½
Dec.	95½	95½	95	95⅛	96
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	63¼	64½
July	64	....	....	63¼	64½
Sept.	65	....	....	64	65⅝
Dec.	61⅝	....	....	61	62
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	43½	44½
July	43½	43⅝	43¼	43½	43½
Sept.	44¼	44½	44	43⅝	44⅝
Dec.	45⅜	45⅜	45½	45½	45½
Clover Seed—					
Prime	....	....	....	....	12.00
Oct.	8.20	8.27½	8.20	8.22½	8.20
Dec.	8.17½	8.22½	8.17½	8.22½	8.17½
March	8.25	8.32½	8.25	8.32½	....
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	....	62
Alsike—					
Oct.	8.77½	8.90	....	8.90	8.55
Dec.	8.75	8.95	8.20	8.95	8.50
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.30	2.50
Aug.	2.70	2.70	2.45	2.40	2.60
Sept.	2.67½	2.67½	2.40	2.40	2.60
Oct.	2.67½	2.67½	2.40	2.40	2.63
Dec.	2.67½	2.67½	2.45	2.45	2.65
March	2.72½	2.72½	2.50	2.50	2.70

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	90	90	89	89¼	90⅝
Sept.	90½	90⅝	89⅝	90	90⅝
Dec.	93¼	93½	92⅝	93¼	93½
Corn—					
July	61¼	61½	60⅝	60⅝	61⅝
Sept.	62⅛	62½	62¼	62⅝	63⅛
Dec.	60¾	60¾	59½	59½	60¼
Oats—					
July	41¼	41⅝	40⅞	41	41⅜
Sept.	42½	43½	42¼	42⅝	42⅝
Dec.	43½	44⅞	43⅜	43⅝	44

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	20.50	20.75	20.50	20.65	20.57
Sept.	20.30	20.62	20.47	20.25	20.52
Lard—					
July	11.10	11.15	11.10	11.12	11.07
Sept.	11.27	11.35	11.27	11.30	11.27
Oct.	11.32	11.40	11.32	11.37	11.32
Ribs—					
July	11.72	11.75	11.70	11.72	11.67
Sept.	11.72	11.80	11.72	11.77	11.72
Oct.	11.60	11.60	11.57	11.60	11.55

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
July	98¾	....	....	98¼	99
Sept.	97⅝	....	....	97⅝	98

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	86⅞	....	....	87⅛	87⅛
Sept.	87⅝	....	....	87½	87⅞

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	90⅜	90⅜
Sept.	....	....	....	92⅜	92⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
July	91⅜	....	....	91⅛	91⅞
Sept.	93⅜	....	....	93⅛	93⅝

Cotton.

New York, June 30.—Cotton—Futures opened steady; July, 11.12c; August, 12.00c; October, 11.45c; December, 11.44c; January, 11.38c; March, 11.40c.

The cotton market opeend steady at an advance of two points to a decline of 3 points with the late months relatively easier in response to weak cables and favorable weather reports. The circulation of a few July notices sent that position off to a net loss of 7 points right after the call, but business was quiet all along the line, and the new crop positions held within a point or two of the opening figures. It is reported that ocean freight room is being engaged for further shipments from the local stocks to Liverpool, and estimates circulating this morning placed the probable amount of such shipments at 12,000 bales.

After showing a net loss of 6@13 points, the market steadied on the reports of pending shipments to Liverpool and increasing complaints of boll weevil, with prices about 2@6 points net lower at midday. Estimated receipts today, 5,000 bales.

Spot closed quiet; middling uplands, 12.40c; middling gulf, 12.65. Sales, 211 bales.

Futures closed easy: July, 12.04c; August, 11.94c; September, 11.60; October, 11.38c; November, 11.32c; December, 11.38c; January, 11.32c; February, 11.36c; March, 11.44c; May, 11.46c.

New York Produce.

New York, June 30.—Flour quiet; spring patents, $4.60@4.95; winter straights, $4.45@4.55; winter patents, $4.75@5.10; spring clears, $4.00@4.20; winter extra No. 1, $3.80@4.10; winter extra No. 2, $3.70@3.80; Kansas straights, $4.20@4.30. Wheat was depressed by good rains and lower temperatures in the northwest; September, 97½@97⅝c. Beef firm; mess, $18.00@19.00; family, $22.00@23.00. Pork steady; mess, $22.25@22.75; family, $24.00@25.00; short clear, $20.75@22.00. Lard quiet; middle west, $11.65@11.75. Raw sugar steady; Muscovado, 2.80c; centrifugal, 3.32c; molasses, 2.64c; refined steady; crushed, 5.15c; the granulated, 4.45c; powdered, 4.55c. Petroleum steady; refined, New York bbls, $5.00; do. bbl, $8.70; cases, $11.00. Molasses quiet and steady; New Orleans, open kettle, 33@55c. Hay steady; No. 1, $1.02½@1.05; No. 2, 90@95c; No. 3, 75@85c. Hides firm; Bogota, 29½@30¼c; Central America, 20@c. Leather quiet; hemlock firsts, 28@29c; seconds, 27@28c.

Eggs irregular; receipts, 16,217 cases; fresh gathered, extras, 22@24c; extra firsts, 20@21½c; seconds, 16½@17½c; firsts, 18@19c; thirds, 14@16c; fresh gathered dirties, No. 1, 16c; No. 2, 10@15c; fresh gathered checks, good to choice, dry, 13½@14c; chicks, undergrades, per case, $1.50@3.00; state, Pennsylvania and nearby henery whites, as to size and quality, 26@28c; do. gathered whites, 23@26c; western gathered whites, 20@24c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby henery browns, 25@26c; do. gathered browns and mixed colors, 19@24c. Butter easy; receipts, 6,747 tubs; creamery, extras, 26½c; firsts, 25½@26c; seconds, 24½@25c; thirds, 23@24c; state dairy finest, 25½@26c; good to prime, 24@25c; common to fair, 22@24½c; process extras, 24½@25c; firsts, 23½@24c; imitation creamery, firsts, 24c; factory, current make, firsts, 24c; seconds, 21@21½c; packing stock, current make, No. 1, 21c; do. No. 2, 20@20½c; do. No. 3, 19@19½c. Cheese firmer; receipts, 507 boxes; state, whole milk, fresh white and pale and colored specials, 14½c; do. average fancy, 14c; fresh undergrades, 13@14c; skims, 3@11c. Dressed poultry steady; fresh killed western chickens, 25c; fowls, 16@

Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., June 30.—Cattle—Receipts, 4,300; fairly active; prime steers, $8.75@9.00; shipping, $8.00@8.65; butchers, $7.00@8.50; cows, $3.75@7.00; bulls, $5.50@7.50; heifers, $6.75@8.00; stock heifers, $5.00@6.25; stockers and feeders, $6.00@7.50; fresh cows and springers, $2.00@73.00; lower; $34.00@80.00. Veals—Receipts, 1,400; active and steady, $8.00@10.00. Hogs—Receipts, 12,000; active, heavy and mixed, $9.10@9.15; Yorkers, $9.15@9.25; pigs, $9.20@9.25; roughs, $7.85@8.00; stags, $5.50@7.25; dairies, $8.85@9.15. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,400; lambs, $5.00@8.50; yearlings, $4.00@6.50; wethers, $5.00@5.25; ewes, $2.50@4.50; sheep, mixed, $4.50@4.75.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, June 30.—Cattle—Receipts, 600; market steady. Veal calves—Receipts, 400; market 25c higher; good to choice, $10.00@10.25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,000; lambs, 25c higher; sheep steady; choice spring lambs, $8.00@8.25; fair to good, $8.00@8.25; choice wethers, $4.50@5.00. Hogs—Receipts, 4,000; market 10c higher; mediums and yorkers, $8.90; light yorkers and pigs, $9.000; roughs, $7.65; stags, $7.00.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, June 30.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,600; steady; choice heavy steers, $8.45@8.75; fat steers, $7.90@8.30; fair steers, $8.00@7.25; choice heifers, $8.00@8.50; choice fat cows, $7.50@7.85; fair cows, $4.00@5.25; butcher bulls, $6.30@7.25; milch cows, $50@90. Hogs—Receipts, 8,000; active; prime heavies, $8.85@8.90; heavy mixed, $8.85@8.90; mediums, $8.95@9.00; heavy Yorkers, $8.90@9.05; light Yorkers, $9.00@9.10; pigs, $8.65@9.10. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 6,000; strong; prime wethers, $5.25; choice lambs, $8.00. Calves—Receipts, 1,200; steady; good to choice veals, $10.00.

You should read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

Hong-Kong is adopting electrical appliances rapidly.

Missouri broke all records last year for the valut of its mineral products.

STEFANSSON ON WAY TO HIS SHIP

Says His Boat Is the Best Equipped Ever Sent Into Arctic.

Seattle, Wash., June 27.—Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the explorer, who will lead the Canadian scientific and exploration expedition into the Arctic next month, arrived from Victoria, B. C., last night to make final preparations for his three years' stay in the Arctic.

Tuesday Mr. Stefansson, Dr. R. M. Anderson, the biologist, who will be second in command, and James Murray, oceanographer, will board the steamship Victoria and leave for Nome, Alaska, where they will join the party of 12 scientists, who left Victoria on the exploration ship Karluk ten days ago. Mr. Stefansson was accompanied from Victoria, where he superintended the dispatching of the Karluk, by J. F. Hicks, an official of the Esquimalt navy yard. Mr. Hicks came to Seattle to assemble equipment shipped from the east too late to be sent north on the Karluk and to purchase additional supplies for the expedition.

A Gasoline Auxiliary.

These will be sent on the Victoria to Nome, where they will be transferred to the Karluk and to the gasoline boat Alaska, which will be used as an auxiliary to the Karluk, and will carry Mr. Anderson and eight of his fellow scientists to Victoria and where they will undertake a complete scientific examination of the land.

"Without a doubt the Karluk is the best equipped exploration ship ever sent to the north," said Dr. Stefansson.

"But what the results of our expedition will be we cannot forecast. We are going to explore a large area north of the mouth of the Mackenzie river. We shall go farther north than a ship ever has sailed in that quarter. We cannot foretell what we shall find. We do not know whether we shall find land, and if we do, we do not know that it will be inhabited.

Expect No People.

"If it is inhabited, it is certain the people will be a tribe of Eskimos, but there is little probability of there being any people that far north even if there is land. We are not going out to look for people, but to explore that vast region that now is a blank on the map."

Mr. Stefansson expects to leave Nome on the Karluk about July 20, and reach Point Barrow, the northernmost point of Alaska, by the end of the month. From Point Barrow the Karluk and the Alaska will sail eastward to the mouth of the Mackenzie, which the explorer hopes to reach by August 10. From the Mackenzie the Karluk, with Stefansson and five other scientists aboard will sail northward while the Alaska will proceed east 600 miles to Victoria Island.

Mr. Stefansson said that if the expedition met with no mishap and everything went according to schedule they would return to civilization in October, 1916.

COLONEL ANNOUNCES SUBJECTS

Former President Will Talk on Social Questions in Argentina.

New York, June 25.—Theodore Roosevelt will leave New York the first week of October to deliver a series of addresses in the Argentine Republic "on subjects of international social interest." He will visit Brazil and Chile and may make a trip into the tropical interior of the continent.

These details of Mr. Roosevelt's trip were announced in his behalf today. He goes to Argentina at the invitation of the Muse Social. The addresses he has in mind will be somewhat similar in character to those he gave at the Sorbonne in Paris three years ago.

HOME RULE MEASURE CARRIES

London, July 1.—The home rule bill passed the committee stage in the house of commons last night automatically. The opposition loudly protested and challenged division, which resulted in a vote of 143 to 120 in favor of the bill.

EIGHT KILLED IN WRECK

Canadian Train Plunges Into Ottawa River.

Ottawa, Ont., June 26.—Eight persons were killed and more than 20 injured yesterday afternoon in a wreck of the westbound Winnipeg express on the Canadian Pacific. The colonists' car, crowded with Scotch immigrants newly arrived from Glasgow and en route for the west, skidded down the embankment and plunged into the Ottawa river. In these the eight known victims, four men, three women and a child—met death. Their bodies were recovered and a search was continued for others. Of the injured the condition of several is critical.

The accident, due to spreading rails, occurred only three miles east of this city, and physicians, nurses, ambulances and police patrol wagons were at once rushed to the scene. Four cars and the locomotive remained on the track, but in addition to the colonist car, which fell into the river, two cars were thrown on the land side of the embankment, and another, first class, was whiped across the track at right angles.

The train crew, with the exception of Conductor Daniel Cameron, escaped unhurt.

O. K. TARIFF BILL

Democrats Agree to Free Wool and Sugar.

Washington, June 26.—Free sugar in 1916 and free raw wool are now established in the tariff revision bill, having been approved late yesterday by the Democratic caucus of the senate after a two days' fight. The sugar schedule as reported by the majority members of the finance committee and practically as it passed the house, was approved by a vote of 40 to 6. Free raw wool as submitted by the majority and just as it passed the house, swept the senate caucus by a vote of 41 to 6.

This ratification of President Wilson's tariff policy, he having insisted upon the wool and sugar propositions before the ways and means committee in the beginning, came after a long series of developments in which the President has been an active participant. When the fight of the anti free sugar and anti free wool Democrats was getting hot the President issued a public statement declaring that any suggestion of compromise on his wool and sugar schedule ideas was absolutely out of the question, and later he stirred all administ

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Send for Free Booklet.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

SENSATIONAL EXPOSE OF MANUFACTURERS' LOBBY STIRS WASHINGTON

New Haven, Conn., June 30.—Former President William H. Taft today declined to discuss the lobby charges made by Martin H. Mulhall, except to send word through his secretary that he regarded the statements as one of those muckraking attacks that men occupying public office are subject to.

Washington, June 30.—A searching investigation of the so-called "underground system" at the capitol, not only by the senate lobby committee, but by a select committee of the house also, promises to be the first result of the sensational charges by Martin M. Mulhall, who claims to have been the general field "lobbyist" for the National Association of Manufacturers.

Mulhall alleges that representatives, senators and high officials of the government had been "reached," or "influenced;" that the "lobby" conducted its operations from a room in the capitol, paid money to employes there, took an active hand in making up committees and went out actively in the political campaigns.

Speaker Confirms Part.

They sought to defeat congressmen who opposed legislation "the lobby wanted." The charges have thrown congressional circles into an uproar.

Congressmen named in the Mulhall charges are issuing statements; some of them denouncing the allegations, "malicious lies."

Speaker Clark last night issued a statement confirming the charge that the lobby had worked for his defeat. Many congressmen mentioned, however, who feel that they have been brought in without any specific charges against them declare they will not be satisfied with the senate lobby committee's investigation alone but will insist on a select committee of the house to sift the charges.

The senate committee, however, intends to lose no time. A subpoena already served upon Mulhall is to be followed by others for the men named in the published statements.

Chairman Overman believes that when his process servers get through they will have spread a dragnet to bring in material for an investigation covering the last 10 years' doings at the capitol at least.

Mulhall's sensational statements were almost the sole topic of discussion in official circles today.

President Wilson discussed the Mulhall charges briefly today with the Washington correspondents, and said he believed the lobby on tariff legislation had ceased to "embarrass any body but itself."

When the President made his first declaration that a "numerous and insidious lobby" was operating in Washington he had no idea that such charges as made by Mulhall would be brought out, but, he added, he was in favor of investigating all charges and had no doubt the senate committee would have a free hand. The President told the callers the accusations in the Mulhall statement had been called to his attention just before their publication.

Names Big Politicians.

Following are men either now or formerly in high places who are named by Mulhall:

Former Congressman James E. Watson, Republican, whip of the house from 1902 to 1908, floor leader of the Republican national convention in Chicgao and a favorite with the "standpat" Republicans for the nomination for president in 1916; most important ally of the National Association of Manufacturers while in congress and served as its principal lobbyist after his retirement.

Former Congressmn John J. Jenkins, Republican of the eleventh Wisconsin district, chairman of the judiciary committee of the house 1904-8; defeated for renomination in the latter year when his campaign was openly financed by the lobby of the National Association of Manufacturers and who received money through Colonel Mulhall, its agent, and Edward Hines, of Lorimer fame, during that campaign.

Mentions Littlefield.

Former Congressman Charles E. Littlefield of Maine, Republican, chosen by President Roosevelt to frame legislation to regulate the trusts, was in intimate touch with the officials and chief lobbyists of the National Association of Manufacturers; accepted aid through his campaigns for congress; permitted the National Association of Manufacturers to pay his hotel and traveling expenses when keeping appointments with the officials and lobbyists.

Former Congressman Harry M. Bannon of Ohio, Republican, acted as adviser of the National Association of Manufacturers' lobby in the house of representatives as secret agent; handled money passing between the shoe manufacturers and disloyal strike leaders in the shoe strike at Portsmouth, O., in 1907; sought employment as lobbyist for the National Association of Manufacturers upon retirement.

Gardner Gave in, He Says.

Former Congressman J. J. Gardner, representative of the committee on labor in 1903-11; started in to antagonize National Association of Manufacturers' interests until threatened with defeat through the use of money and other influence in his district; afterward surrendered and became one of its most subservient allies; last campaign almost entirely financed by the National Association of Manufacturers.

J. H. McMichaels, chief of pages in the house of representatives and principal spy of the National Association of Manufacturers on the undertakings and movements of members, afterward transferred to attend door at the press gallery of the representatives and now serving as elevator operator in the capitol.

Former Congressman Ralph B. Cole (Republican), of Ohio, acted as adviser and emissary of the National Association of Manufacturers' lobby, which financed his campaign in 1908 at the request of James S. Sherman; rebuked by Lobbyist Emery for joining movement against Cannonism in 1909 and promised to be good in the future.

That among the men whom the lobbyists of this association had no difficulty in reaching and influencing for business, political and sympathetic reasons during recent years were:

He Says Men Were "Reached."

President Taft, Senator Lodge, the late Vice President Sherman, Senator Foraker, Senator Nelson, former Senator Hemmenway, former Speaker Cannon, former Congressman Dwight, former Congressman James E. Tawney, of Minesota, former Congressmana J. Adam Bede, of Minnesota, Senator Isaac Stephenson, of Wisconsin, former Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, Senator Townsend, of Michigan, Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, Congressman Webb, of North Carolina, former Congressman W. B. McKinley, of Illinois, former Congressman Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, former Senator N. B. Scott, of West Virginia, former Congressman W. S. Bennett, of New York, former Postmaster General James A. Gary, of Baltimore, Congressman W. M. Calder, of New York, Congressman James F. Burke, of Pennsylvania, former Congressman W. H. Ryan, of New York, former Congressman Denby, of Michigan, former Congressman W. M. Wilson, of Illinois, formr Congressman Edward H. Henshaw, of Nebraska, former Congressman Jesse Overstreet, of Indiana, former Congressman J. G. Bealle, of Pennsylvania, former Congressman W. A. Caulderhead, of Nebraska, former Congressman Diekema, of Michigan, former Congressman M. A. Driscoll, of New York, former Congressman G. J. Foster, of Vermont, former Congressman Fowler, of New Jersey, Congressman Shirley, of Kentucky, former Congressman J. A. Sterling, of Illinois, former Congressman J. P. Swasey, of Maine, Governor W. T. Haines, of Maine, Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, of Ohio, Ambassador Curtis Guild, of Massachusetts, Congressman Richard Bartholdt, of Missouri, former Congressman Sidney Mudd, of Maryland, and Congressman F. W. Fairchild, of New York.

That agents of the National Association of Manufacturers planted spies in the labor unions with which the strikers were connected, corrupted minor leaders and personally paid them sums of money; enlisted the support of clergymen to break the strike at Danbury, and even sought to influence Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore to compel a settlement favorable to the hatmakers through local clergymen.

Mulhall says he has personal acknowledgement and accounts to show that during his lobby, political and strike-breaking work for the National Association of Manufacturers he paid out to accomplish the purpose of that organization a sum approximating $200,000, all of which was supplied to him by officials of the association.

Mulhall sets out that the National Association of Manufacturers collected money from all the trusts, oil, wire, tobacco, etc., to carry on its operations, and that James A. Emery was chief counsel and chief lobbyist. J. Philip Bird, as general manager, worked out collections on a percentage basis.

In the summer of 1907, Van Cleave, according to Mulhall, had several schemes to strike at the American Federation of Labor and to assist the manufacturers. One was to raise $1,500,000 for publicity campaign. Another was to bribe Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor.

"A Mr. X. was sure that Gompers could be netted, Mulhall argued against it, but found Van Cleave obstinate. The plan was to offer $40,000 and permanent employment in government service abroad to Gompers. Gompers, however, was wary. He had arranged a counter plan to trap Van Cleave. When the latter got wind of this the whole matter was dropped.

"While I was aiding Emery in Washington," Mulhall says, "I called at the White House frequently and made arrangements for Mr. Van Cleave, Mr. Schwedtman, Mr. Emery, Mr. Bird and others to see President Taft. Meetings of this kind were arranged for at the White House about once a month. These meetings were not always for the purpose of influencing the President against the labor workers. There were more than 20 meetings with President Taft on the tariff commission bill. The N. A. M. induced President Taft, through Congressman Watson, Senator Aldrich and others to become very active in behalf of this measure."

At the President's summer home at Beverly, Mass., Mulhall and Bird were asked by the President, Mulhall says, to submit a list of Ohio manufacturers who could be depended upon to help in the Ohio campaign in 1910. The list was supplied, Senator Foraker furnishing five names, three of which the President scrutinized closely, including Dan R. Hanna's.

Mulhall maintains that former Representative Gardner, of New Jersey, was a victim of the N. A. M. and that Governor Ford helped in the action against Gardner which made Gardner friendly to the N. A. M.

The informer gives also a long list of those who were helped or beaten for office. He thinks that he spent not less than $200,000 in corrupting voters and in doing lobby work for the N. A. M.

He Sets All Capital Agog

MARTIN M. MULHALL.

WHAT CONFESSION TELLS

Following are the most sensational charges made by Martin M. Mulhall, Baltimore Republican politician, in his expose of the lobby of the National Association of Manufacturers:

That the National Association of Manufacturers has a membership of 225 organizations, embracing 4,000 individual members, employing more than 5,000,000 persons, representing an approximate capital of $10,000,000 and claims to be a non-political and trade organization.

That in reality this association for 10 years secretly has played an important and frequently decisive part in promoting tariff, labor and general business legislation favorable to its interests.

That for these purposes it has always sought and often has managed to secure control of the committee on labor and the committee on judiciary in both the senate and the house of representatives.

That the National Association of Manufacturers was solely responsible for the creation of the tariff committee during the Taft administration, the object of the association being to forestall revision of the existing tariff.

How Men Assailed by Mulhall Meet Charges

"Mulhall's statement is a sinister and diabolical lie."—James A. Emery, Counsel for National Manufacturers' Association.

"His statement is absolutely untrue."—Representative Sherley, Kentucky.

"I never have had an improper proposition laid before me."—Representative Bartholdt of Missouri.

"So far as I know, no representative of the National Manufacturers' Association ever aided in any of my campaigns."—Representative Gardner of New Jersey.

"Mulhall's statement is absolutely ridiculous."—General James A. Gary, Postmaster General under McKinley.

"For years Mulhall pursued me with his methods of blackmail and threatened to kill me politically." — Former Congressman George A. Pearre of Maryland.

"Mulhall's statement, so far as it refers to me, confirms a charge I made on the stump in 1910."—Speaker Champ Clark.

"As nearly as I remember, the published statements of Colonel Mulhall regarding this matter (check transaction) are substantially correct."—Harold McCormick.

If I am the man Colonel Mulhall refers to, his charges are absolutely false."—Former Congressman William W. Wilson, of Third Illinois District.

"I will not discuss the matter in any way."—Edward Hines, of Chicago.

"I am as innocent as a babe; Mulhall's statement that he told Mr. McCormick about valuable assistance I had given the Manufacturers' Association is a lie."—Representative James T. McDermott of Chicago.

Cole Denies All.

Findlay, June 30.—Congressman Cole issued a statement this morning contradicting all the allegations that Martin Mulhall made in reference to his connection with lobbyists.

Mr. Cole denies emphatically that he acted as an emissary of the National Manufacturers' Association, which, it is alleged, financed his his campaign of 1908.

Mr. Cole asserts that he paid these expenses, both of which cost his less than $1,000.

Mr. Cole challenges Mr. Mulhall's statement that he ever received any contribution directly or indirectly from the National Association of Manufacturers. If Mulhall testifies before the congressional committee Mr. Cole says he will ask the privilege of doing the same thing.

GOT $10,000 FOR EXPOSE.

New York, June 30.—Colonel Martin M. Mulhall, a Republican politician of Baltimore, whose expose of the lobby of the National Association of Manufacturers was published Sunday, it is learned, sold the statements to The World for $10,000.

Richard Barry, a widely known playwright, author and newspaper correspondent, says that Colonel Mulhall broke an agreement to give him half the amount for making the deal. Barry has sued Mulhall in the supreme court of this state, and Supreme Court Justice Giegerich issued an attachment for $5,000 against any property of Mulhall's that could be found here. In his narrative he says among other things:

The kaiser recently awarded a prize of $10,000 for an improved motor for the purposes of aviation.

CZAR RELEASES FAMOUS SWINDLER

Nicholas Savin, Notorious Throughout World, Earning Money Honestly.

Moscow, June 25.—Nicholas Savin, the notorious Russian adventurer, who calls himself Count Nicholas de Toulouse-Lautrec, has been rele ased from prison in Riga by the czar's manifesto of March 5. When the count came out of prison he had only three roubles in his pocket. He has earned 5,000 roubles so far. A Moscow newspaper is publishing his diary and a cinematograph firm has paid him $1,500 for films illustrating his life. In Russia he is the man of the hour.

He is known to the police all over Europe and America as an exceedingly accomplished swindler, who speaks half a dozen languages, and whose specialty is the passing off on the guileless of forged bonds and securities.

He accounts for all the records of charges and convictions against him in various parts of the globe in two ingenious ways.

Either they were crimes committed by a cousin who is remarkably like him, or he says they were charges trumped up against him by the Russian secret police in order to get rid of a dangerous Nihilist.

His Story of War.

According to his own story, he took part in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 and was severely wounded at Pleyna. There is some ground for doubting this account, for he received no medal and no wound pension. All that is known is that in 1878 he gave up his commission.

When Savin was on trial at Paris in 1908 for swindling he told the same story of being wounded at Plevna as well as at Santiago de Cuba. The French court ordered the prison doctor to examine his "wounds." The doctor reported that there certainly were scars visible, but they were received in battles other than those of war.

After a thrilling escape from the French gendarmerie he fled to the Balkans, when he enlivened proceeding by presenting himself as a candidate for the Bulgarian throne.

His schemes, however, were frustrated by a Moscow barber, to whom he owed money and who, happening to be in Constantinople at the same time, gave information to the Russian embassy as to Savin's identity.

In Desolate Narim.

The luckless adventurer was sent to Narim, a desolate convict settlement in Siberia, but within three months he succeeded in escaping.

Afterwards he lived in Chicago, where he worked as a car conductor and was naturalized as an American citizen. He was married in Canada, and arrested nd sentenced there for dealing in forged bonds in 1900, and has since been arrested in New York, Lisbon, Finland and Pau. He tells wonderful stories of escapes from Siberia, and is, in fact, the most brilliant artist in modern fiction.

EXPLORERS LEAVE BRIDES

Three Newlyweds Part When Crocker Land Expedition Sails.

New York, June 27.—The call of the north will separate three bridal couples when the Crocker land expedition sails from New York next Wednesday for three years in the Arctic. All of the romances began in Iowa, and one came to a climax a month ago in the marriage of Victoria Clark, who is still a junior in the University of Iowa, to Jerome Lee Allen, of Brooklyn, who will be the wireless operator on the expedition. They made the sudden decision to marry, after a ten years' friendship, when Miss Clark came east recently to bid good-bye to her sweetheart.

"We thought it would be easier to part married than engaged," she said.

Two other members of the expedition, W. E. Elmer Ekblaw and Maurice C. Tanquary will leave Iowa sweethearts behind, but not without first making them their brides. The young women are, respectively, Miss Augusta Krieger and Miss Josephine Perry.

Pistol Pockets For Women's Skirts

New York, June 27.—The much mooted question of the proper fit for women's skirts was a feature of discussion at the National Ladies Tailors and Dressmakers' convention which began here today. It appeared a general opinion that narrow lines would continue to hold popular, with the trouser effect still a favorite among the ultra-fashionable. The New York delegates were firm for skirts a yard around, while Chicago representatives insisted upon a little more leeway, a yard and a quarter with two slashes, one at the front and one at the back. Louisiana delegates were the most conservative, sticking for a two yard skirt, no slashes and shirtwaists instead of a three-piece suit.

The pistol pocket, was an innovation credited to the Chicago tailors, and seemed to be generally accepted as a good idea. One or two patch pockets were suggested and if women did not care for the pistol they might carry their powder puff in one and the purse in the other.

JAIL RICH SUFFRAGETTE

Magistrate Remands British Coal King's Daughter.

Newport, England, June 27.—Mrs. Margaret Mackworth (daughter of the "coal king," David A. Thomas, now in Canada), was brought before a magistrate here today and remanded for 14 days on a charge of placing of explosives in a mail box.

Mrs. Mackworth is secretary of the Newport branch of the Woman's Social and Political Union, but hitherto had not been an active militant. Her mother, Mrs. Thomas, is also prominent in the suffrage movement. Her husband, Captain Humphrie Mackworth, of the royal Motmouthshire engineers, is the eldest son of Sir Arthur Mackworth and heir to the baronetcy.

THIS GIRL IS A WONDER.

I have had such good luck lately that I must tell your readers about it. I am selling Hydraulic Dishwashers and they are certainly a wonder. Just think—you can wash and dry the dishes in four or five minutes, without wetting your hands, and they cost only $5.00! I don't want to boast, but if I were to tell you the amount of money I make each week, you would not believe me. If you need money, write to the Hydraulic Dishwasher Company, A 346 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa. They will start you in business. You do not have to canvass—people come or send for the dishwasher. A Good Dishwasher is the great need of the age. They not only save your hands and time, but they save your dishes. No family can afford to be without one. E. A. Yesac.—Advertisement.

BUILDS HOUSE FOR CATS

Woman Spends $15,000 on Pussies' Apartment Building.

New York, June 26.—A $15,000 apartment house for cats with janitor service, hot and cold clam chowder in every bedroom, a catnip bed on each fire escape and ample fence room for nocturial promenading is the latest building note to come from Norwich, Conn.

Mrs. Clifford Harmon, wife of the wealthy aviator, broke ground yesterday and before the summer is past Mrs. Harmon's 28 cats and 29 full-blooded kittens will be enjoying the dizziest high cat life in America.

Hardwood floors, hot water heat, vacuum cleaners and built-in cradles for kittens will be among the appointments provided by the careful architect.

TO CROSS OCEAN IN 14-FOOTER

Two Revenue Cutter Men Will Make Attempt.

New Bedford, Mass., June 27.—An attempt to cross the Atlantic in a 14-foot motorboat will be made the last of July by Lawrence Erhard and T. Johanson, of the revenue cutter Acushnet. The men will start from New Bedford and expect to reach the English coast within 40 days. They will use an open boat provided with a canvas spray hood and air tanks. In addition to the motor it will be equipped with sails and oars. Erhard is 28 years old and a native of Germany. Johansen was born in Sweden 22 years ago.

AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY

Washington, June 26. — Justice James W. Gerard, of the New York state supreme court, has been selected by President Wilson to be ambassador to Germany. Justice Gerard was originally slated for Spain.

MRS. STETSON FIGHTS

Demands Her Right to Spiritual Leadership.

New York, June 27.—Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, excommunicated from the mother organization of the Christian Science Church in Boston in 1909, announces herself as the spiritual head of the church at large in her new book, "Reminiscences, Sermons and Correspondence."

This is the first direct personal avowal by her covering the controversy that separated her from the mother church. It deals with her close relations with Mrs. Eddy, and her friends regard it not only as a justification of her course, but as her induction as the spiritual head of pure Christian Science.

By the traditions of the church there can be but one leader, who has passed on. There can never be a successor in the physical sense, but Mrs. Stetson has repeatedly declared that Mrs. Eddy would manifest herself to the faithful.

In her volume Mrs. Stetson comes forth definitely bidding for spiritual leadership over Christian Scientists and urging the acceptance of her spiritual interpretations in preference to the interpretations now orthodox in Christian Science congregations.

On the ground that Mrs. Stetson's book was written largely to bait them into a controversy, and that by yielding to the temptation to reply they would merely be giving it wished-for advertising, the orthodox Christian Science practitioners met all questioners with a stolid "nothing to say."

It is known that Mrs. Stetson does not contemplate making any definite appeal to Christian Science advocates to have her reinstated in the Church organization. Her aim, according to close associates, is to gain spiritual domination over the adherents of the Church, while at the same time leaving them perfectly free to continue a "temporal" membership in the Church organization which she will not share. Her appeal is that, just as Mary Baker Eddy, "was the first to discover the power of correctly interpreting Christ," so she was the first of Mrs. Eddy's adherents correctly to discover the power of interpreting Mrs. Eddy.

For this reason, she maintains she is teaching a pure kind of Christian Science than the Board of Directors are capable of understanding. For this reason, also, she feels that she is entitled to the spiritual leadership which has not been represented on earth, according to her view, since Mrs. Eddy's death. Mrs. Eddy, she insists, is still her leader, and she appeals to Christian Scientists to accept Mrs. Eddy's writings and not the rulings of the Board of Directors of the Mother Church for their guidance.

For the first time since she was excommunicated, Mrs. Stetson answers in her volume each of the charges made against her, holding, through her answers, that she was the correct interpreter of Mrs. Eddy, and that the Board of Directors were deficient in spiritual power, and so took a materialistic view.

Boston, June 27.—Alfred Farlow, Chairman of the Publication Committee of the Christian Science Church, in reply to the assertion of Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, of New York, that she is the head of the church and the "true authority on the teachings of Mrs. Eddy," said that Mrs. Stetson was not even a member of the church.

"Her position," he said, "is exactly the same as anyone else outside the church. Not being a member, she cannot, of course, be the spiritual head of the church."

A resident of Boom, Belgium, has built a hydroplane entirely of steel instead of wood. The boat is about 16 feet long and weighs 360 pounds. It has a specially constructed rudder, which enables it to turn at high speed in a narrow channel. The 24-horsepower motor is of the four-cylinder type and weighs 400 pounds.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line.) Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than forty-two lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 23, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Earn $7 per 50 at home embroidering corner of handkerchiefs. Printed lessons free. Easy handwork. Trial lot and instructions 20c coin, sent any distance prepaid. Arabian Supply Co., Dept. 55, Cleveland, Ohio.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Men over 18 as government railway mail clerks and city mail carriers; commence $65 to $75 month. Write immediately for free list of positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. P-31, Rochester, N. Y.

FORTUNES in successful songs; I've paid thousands in royalties. Send your poems or melodies to me for acceptance. I'll publish under 50 per cent royalty contract. I composed "Wedding of the Winds" Waltzes. Million copies sold. Dozens of "Hits." Est. 16 years. Free booklet. John T. Hall, 107 Columbus Circle, N. Y. C.

AGENTS.

Hundreds make $50-$75 weekly selling guaranteed Hosiery for largest manufacturer in America. Why not you? Complete outfit free. Write quick to our city office. Madison Hosiery Mills, 486 Broadway, New York city.

AGENTS—Here's an opportunity to earn $30 weekly and upward. A new line; exclusive territory. Send postal today for full particulars. A. S. Sinsh, Sales Mgr., 1960 Sycamore st., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Desire placing valuable agency, protected territory. Have full charge, sub agents. Independent income. $1 brings samples with which you commence business. Union Trading Company, 105 Hudson Street, New York.

POSTCARDS.

12 Fine Colored and Glazed View Post Cards for 5c in stamps. New Jersey Post Card Co., 631 Palisade Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

Why not double your income? There's a reason why you can't. Big Money Spare Time. SILVERING MIRRORS. Great demand in every city. Full instructions for $2.00. Mirror Silvering Works, Box 274, Glens Falls, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED.

$10 per 100 upward paid tacking signs, distriuting booklets, samples, etc. Send 6c stamp for price list paid, secure territory. E. Shepard, Lebanon, N. H.

SALESMAN WANTED

Salesmen Wanted—Best terms known to the hosiery world. Steady pay; cash weekly; exclusive territory; commission on mail orders. Big money made every day selling our exclusive specialties. All the year round, pleasant and profitable work. You can be our county manager if you write today. Let us fully explain our New Idea. Expenses for traveling expenses. Missouri Nurseries Co., Box 105, Louisiana, Mo.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

ARKANSAS land, low price, easy terms. Write and booklet free. Geo. R. Lochrie, Gifford, Ark.

Smooth Indiana 320-acre farm, one 6-room house, one 2-room house; 80 acres in cultivation, 15 acres in peppermint, 170 acres hay land. Owner, S. J. Ash, R. 2, Box 8, Medaryville, Ind.

FARMS WANTED

Wanted—To hear from owner who has good farm for sale; send description and price. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn.

PERSONAL.

Nothing equals Wilson's Tablets. Makes pale, thin, weak people plump; postpaid $1.00. E. Wilson Co., Woodside, New York City.

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LIVE HAIRS TO BE SEWN INTO SCALP

Hungarian Doctor Says They Will Take Root and Multiply.

Paris, June 27.—Here is hope for the baldheads. A Hungarian doctor proposes to sew live hairs on the bald places and let them take root there and grow. Leading medical journals in Hungary gravely discuss his plan, one paper saying it is a great discovery.

The inventor simply gets live hairs and threads them into the scalp by means of minute gold hooks of the type used in crochet work. But first he applies some anesthetic, like cocaine, to the scalp, to deaden the pain of the needle pricks. Between 300 and 400 hairs can thus be sewn on at a sitting, and enough for a bare crown can be sewn in in from 25 to 40 sittings.

Several men and women have submitted to the process. It is not covered by any patent and requires only skill on the part of the operator and patience on the part of the patient. A blonde woman can be given a black head or a brunette may get golden tresses. The sewn hairs that take root and grow cause new hairs to sprout and grow, so that in a few months the whole head is luxuriantly covered, the doctor asserts.

Perfumery Comes Back.

Perfumery — real perfumery from flowers—is coming back among the women of Europe and America. In consequence of this revival, every flower garden in the French Alps bordering the Mediterranean is abloom.

The weight of the various flowers used last season by the perfumery factories at Grasse was:

Orange flowers, 4,400,000 pounds; roses, 3,300,000; jasmine, 2,640,000; violets 880,000; tuberoses, 660,000; carnations, 330,000; black currants, 220,000; mimosas, 176,000; mignonettes, 132,000; jonquils, 110,000.

There is an enormous export of fresh flowers from South France to Paris, London, Brussels and other cities. Two special trains loaded with these flowers now leave the Riviera daily. More than 12,000 tons of flowers have been sent north in the last season. All the available land suitable for flower-growing is in use and farming and dairy products are supplied to the Riviera largely from Italy.

Fortunes From Legal Graft.

M. Prevost, for many years concierge of one of the big Paris hotels, has retired with a fortune of 200,000 francs (about $40,000), every franc of it saved from his licensed legal "graft" as hall porter of the establishment. His successor bid a bonus to the hotel of $250 a month, and is now wearing the uniform. He exacts one-quarter to one-third of the charges paid by customers for the use of carriages and autos, and he claims in addition one-tenth of the regular trunk carrying fees of all the porters under him.

In a recent Paris lawsuit a veteran concierge swore that he was not related in business to either party to the action.

"Why," exclaimed one of the counsel, "are you not hall porter at the Hotel X, of which the plaintiff is managing director?"

"No," said the concierge. "I might be described as a limited partner, that is all."

The wonderful police depot of 100,000 lost and found articles is being moved from the office of the prefecture to the Caserne de la Cite. Under the French law, articles found by the police are held for a year. Then, if still unclaimed, they are handed back to the finder to keep for 30 years, after which they become legally and permanently his property.

An old woman in Toulon went into a newspaper office to inquire whether there was any news of fighting in Mauretania. Her only grandson, she said, was serving in the colonial infantry then, and the night before she had dreamed that he had fallen in an encounter with rebel tribes. The ministry of war was communicated with by telephone, and the answer that there was no news of any fighting reassured her. But a week later came the news that the young man had died in the very circumstances dreamed of by his grandmother and on the very night of her dream.

SULTAN'S SON-IN-LAW HANGED

With 11 Common Assassins He Pays Penalty for Schefket's Murder.

Constantinople, June 25.—The sultan's son-in-law, Salih Damab Pasha, shared the fate of 11 common assassins publicly hanged today for the murder of Mahmoud Schefket Pasha, grand vizier. Until the last moment Salih Damab expected pardon from the sultan.

LONDON FACES HARD PROBLEM

Lombard Street's Long View Hopeful, Immediate Outlook Uncertain.

London, June 27.—The best opinion in Lombard street now is that the long view of matters is fairly favorable, but the immediate outlook is very uncertain. There has been so much serious trouble in the last few weeks, that even when all the failures have been announced and the worst is known there will be a very large amount of liquidation to come—liquidation, that is, of salvage stock.

If a gradual upward movement can be engineered with the assistance of public investment demand, the placing of floating wreckage in safe hands will not be a very difficult matter. After that the next process will be the careful distribution of undigested new issues. It is, however, by no means certain that the necessary volume of investment demands will materialize. Although it is recognized that securities are selling at a very advantageous price for investors, the public has been so thoroughly scared of late that it will take some time to revive confidence.

In the absence of a sustained public demand conditions will remain very uncertain for some time. Initiative will be lacking in the market and no one will feel inclined to take any risks in manipulating an upward movement because he would expect to be promptly supplied with large blocks of weakly held stocks.

At the same time the monetary position is not encouraging. The usual curtailment of loans at the end of the half year is certain to cause some stringency, especially as German demands for gold are still pressing.

The unsatisfactory result of the German loan is regretted in financial—not in political—circles here, but it is also regarded as a further warning that no more new issue of capital can be permitted until the situation has become healthy.

ULYSSES S. GRANT WILL WED

Son of Deceased President at 60 Wins Widow of 35.

San Diego, Cal., June 25.—General Ulysses S. Grant, whose father was twice President, admitted today he was engaged to Mrs. A. L. Wills, a wealthy widow, formerly of Marshalltown, Iowa. The wedding probably will be July 15. Mrs. Wills is 35 years old. Mr. Grant has passed 60.

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